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TENNYSON'S
ENOCH ARDEN ETC

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE

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Even to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him (*Enoch Arden*, 244).

①
ENOCH ARDEN

And Other Poems

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

EDITED WITH NOTES

By WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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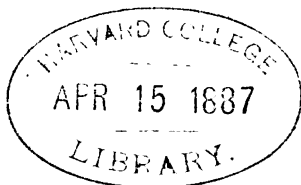
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PREFACE.

ABOUT half of the text of this book consists of *Enoch Arden* and the two longest of the poems published with it in 1864. The other half is made up of selections representing fifty-six years of Tennyson's literary career—from 1830, when *Mariana* appeared in the first volume to which he put his name, down to 1886, when the new *Locksley Hall* was given to the world.

In the notes the various readings of the poems have been given, so far as it was possible to ascertain them. I am indebted to my friend, Mr. William Leighton, Jr., of Wheeling, W. Va., for careful copies of the two *Marianas* as first printed. He is the fortunate possessor of the rare volumes of 1830 and 1832, and of nearly all the other editions of Tennyson that are of any bibliographical or critical interest. I know of no other copy of the 1830 volume in the United States, and of but one other of that of 1832. It is doubtful whether a dozen copies of either found their way to this country.

In making extracts from the criticisms of others, as in preparing my own notes and comments, I have had an eye to the interests of the general reader no less than to those of the student in school and college.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 17, 1887.*



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ENOCH ARDEN

And Other Poems.





ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,

10

Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

20

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about ;'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch ;' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

30

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie ; and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,

40

breathed not
 A carefuller in peril, ~~did not breathe~~
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas ;
 And all men look'd upon him favorably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

50

60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd —
 His father lying sick and needing him —
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
 There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

70

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,

80



And mutual love and honorable toil ;
With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,

90

But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell.
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one.
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs ; and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved a beggar : then he pray'd,
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

110

120

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud



Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife — 130
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all ;
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie till the morrow, when he spoke.

150

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will ;
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd —
 Sure that all evil would come out of it —
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

160

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand —
 The space was narrow — having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,

170

Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

180

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him : and then he said,
' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, ' and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees,
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

190

200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke : ' O Enoch, you are wise ;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

210

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here ;' —
He named the day — 'get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything ship-shape, for I must go. 220
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His,
The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness, 230
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
'Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day that Enoch mention'd came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ; 240
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Even to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, 250
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding ' what would Enoch say ?'
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew 260
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it, 270
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace, —
Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her, —
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
' Surely,' said Philip, ' I may see her now,
May be some little comfort ;' therefore went,



Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd ; but Annie, seated with her grief,
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
 ' Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.'

280

He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply,
 ' Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am ! ' half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her :

' I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
 Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
 You chose the best among us — a strong man ;
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand

290

To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
 For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay —
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me — if you will,
 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do,
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
 This is the favor that I came to ask.'

300

310

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd, ' I cannot look you in the face ;
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
 But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ;
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd,

320

' Then you will let me, Annie? '

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,

Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own, 330
Made himself theirs ; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste. 340

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him 350
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,

Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others nutting to the wood, 360
And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
For Father Philip — as they call'd him — too :
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him,
' Come with us Father Philip,' he denied ;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began 370
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her ; and sighing, ' Let me rest,' she said.
So Philip rested with her well content ;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood. 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow : at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, ' Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
' Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands ;



At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost !
 No more of that ! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite ?' And Annie said,
 'I thought not of it ; but — I know not why —
 Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

390

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke :
 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,

That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance, 400
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living ; well then — let me speak :
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless — they say that women are so quick —
Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children : I do think
They love me as a father ; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own ; 410
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of his creatures. Think upon it :
For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours ;
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
' You have been as God's good angel in our house. 420
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'
' I am content,' he answer'd, ' to be loved
A little after Enoch.' ' O,' she cried,
Scared as it were, ' dear Philip, wait a while :
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
Surely I shall be wiser in a year : 430
O wait a little !' Philip sadly said,

'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay,' she cried,
'I am bound ; you have my promise — in a year :
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'
And Philip answer'd, 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose 440
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil ;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd, 'I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways, 450
Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year ?' she ask'd.
'Yes, if the nuts,' he said, 'be ripe again :
Come out and see.' But she — she put him off —
So much to look to — such a change — a month —
Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes 460
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'
And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;

And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ;
Some that she but held off to draw him on ;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds ;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty ;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

470

480

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign, ' my Enoch is he gone ? '
Then, compass'd round by the blind wall of night,
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
' Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her ;
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept ;
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,

490

Under a palm-tree, over him the sun :
 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms 500
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
 "Hosanna in the highest !"' Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
 'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
 'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed ;
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path, 510
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter ? Philip thought he knew :
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child ; but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart, 520
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
 The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,

She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

530



There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of ' breakers ' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

540

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge

550



They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, ' wait.'

560

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Even to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef, 580
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ; 590
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself
 Moved haunting people, things, and places, known 600
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;



The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
 Spoken with That which being everywhere
 Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went

Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship —
She wanted water — blown by baffling winds,
Like the 'Good Fortune,' from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay ;
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what : and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
Whom when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon

620

630

640

650



He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it ;
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Even in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

660

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward — home — what home? had he a home? —
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,

And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

670

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there —
A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle — crept
Still downward thinking, ' dead or dead to me ! '

680

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
Who kept it ; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

690

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken — all the story of his house :
His baby's death, her growing poverty,

700

How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion ; any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed,
' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, ' cast away and lost ;'
Again in deeper inward whispers, ' lost !'

710

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again :
' If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

720

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd ;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole

730



Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,

740

Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd ;
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

750

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

760

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

770

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou



That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never : no father's kiss for me — the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

780

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 ' Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

790

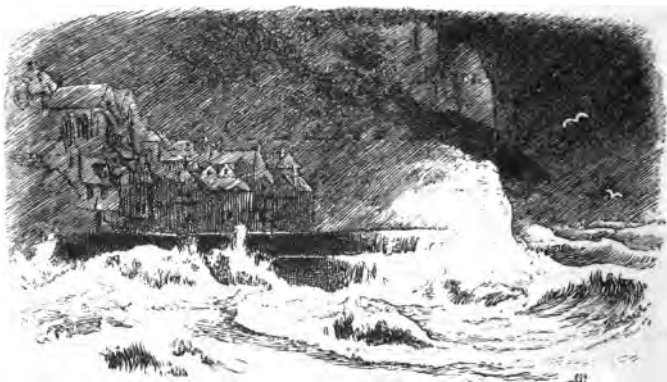
He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife,' 800
 He said to Miriam, 'that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul,' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought,
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time;' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought 810
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labor for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually 820
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore 'tis weakness cheerfully;
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.



For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, 'after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 830
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
 'Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
 Before I tell you — swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
 'Dead,' clamor'd the good woman, 'hear him talk !
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
 'Swear,' added Enoch sternly, 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her, 840
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?'
 'Know him ?' she said, 'I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her :
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live ;

I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry :
 ' You Arden, you ! nay, — sure he was a foot 850
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again :
 ' My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
 My grief and solitude have broken me ;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married — but that name has twice been changed --
 I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard, 860
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
 Saying only, ' See your bairns before you go !
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied :

' Woman, disturb me not now at the last, 870
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.
 Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. 880
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.



And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his ; she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her ;
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.'

890

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
 She promised.

900

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail ! a sail !
 I am saved ;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

910

 AYLMEER'S FIELD.

1793.

DUST are our frames ; and, gilded dust, our pride
 Looks only for a moment whole and sound ;
 Like that long-buried body of the king,
 Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
 Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
 Slipt into ashes, and was found no more.

Here is a story which in rougher shape
 Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I saw
 Sunning himself in a waste field alone —
 Old, and a mine of memories — who had served, 10
 Long since, a bygone rector of the place,
 And been himself a part of what he told.



SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty man,
The county God — in whose capacious hall,
Hung with a hundred shields, the family tree
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate king —
Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd the spire,
Stood from his walls and wing'd his entry-gates
And swang besides on many a windy sign —
Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head
Saw from his windows nothing save his own —
What lovelier of his own had he than her,
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved

20

As heiress and not heir regretfully ?
 But ' he that marries her marries her name ' —
 This fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife,
 His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,
 Insipid as the queen upon a card ;
 Her all of thought and bearing hardly more
 Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

30

A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,
 Little about it stirring save a brook !
 A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
 The same old rut would deepen year by year ;
 Where almost all the village had one name ;
 Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall
 And Averill Averill at the Rectory
 Thrice over ; so that Rectory and Hall,
 Bound in an immemorial intimacy,
 Were open to each other ; tho' to dream
 That Love could bind them closer well had made
 The hoar hair of the baronet bristle up
 With horror, worse than had he heard his priest
 Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men
 Daughters of God ; so sleepy was the land.

40

And might not Averill, had he will'd it so,
 Somewhere beneath his own low range of roofs,
 Have also set his many-shielded tree ?
 There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage once,
 When the red rose was redder than itself,
 And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's,
 With wounded peace which each had prick'd to death.
 ' Not proven,' Averill said, or laughingly,
 ' Some other race of Averills ' — proven or no,
 What cared he ? what, if other or the same ?
 He lean'd not on his fathers but himself.

50

But Leolin, his brother, living oft
With Averill, and a year or two before
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away
By one low voice to one dear neighborhood, 60
Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim
A distant kinship to the gracious blood
That shook the heart of Edith hearing him.

Sanguine he was : a but less vivid hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
Flamed in his cheek ; and eager eyes, that still
Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,
Beneath a mane-like mass of rolling gold,
Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers,
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else, 70
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore ; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
And these had been together from the first.
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers :
So much the boy foreran ; but when his date 80
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he —
Since Averill was a decad and a half
His elder, and their parents underground —
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass, 90

The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty mare's-tail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting : make-believes
For Edith and himself : or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial ; sketches rude and faint, 100
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.
And thus together, save for college-times
Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair
As ever painter painted, poet sang,
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded, grew.
And more and more, the maiden woman-grown,
He wasted hours with Averill ; there, when first
The tented winter-field was broken up 110
Into that phalanx of the summer spears
That soon should wear the garland ; there again
When burr and bine were gather'd ; lastly there
At Christmas ; ever welcome at the Hall,
On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth
Broke with a phosphorescence charming even
My lady ; and the baronet yet had laid
No bar between them : dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height
With half-allowing smiles for all the world, 120
And mighty courteous in the main — his pride
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring —
He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,
Would care no more for Leolin's walking with her
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they ran

To loose him at the stables, for he rose
Twofooted at the limit of his chain,
Roaring to make a third : and how should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow 130
Such dear familiarities of dawn ?
Seldom, but when he does, Master of all.

So these young hearts not knowing that they loved,
Not she at least, nor conscious of a bar
Between them, nor by plight or broken ring
Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,
Wander'd at will, and oft accompanied
By Averill : his, a brother's love, that hung
With wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace,
Might have been other, save for Leolin's — 140
Who knows? but so they wander'd, hour by hour
Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and drank
The magic cup that fill'd itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself.
For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By sallowy rims, arose the laborers' homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom. 150
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them : here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In autumn, parcel ivy-clad ; and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle :
One look'd all rose-tree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars :

This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
 About it ; this, a milky-way on earth, 160
 Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
 A lily-avenue climbing to the doors ;
 One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
 A summer burial deep in hollyhocks ;
 Each, its own charm ; and Edith's everywhere ;
 And Edith ever visitant with him,
 He but less loved than Edith of her poor :
 For she — so lowly-lovely and so loving,
 Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
 Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past, 170
 Not sowing hedge-row texts and passing by,
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
 That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
 Of comfort and an open hand of help,
 A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
 Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
 To ailing wife or wailing infancy
 Or old bedridden palsy, — was adored ;
 He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp
 Having the warmth and muscle of the heart, 180
 A childly way with children, and a laugh
 Ringing like proven golden coinage true,
 Were no false passport to that easy realm,
 Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,
 Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
 The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
 Heard the good mother softly whisper, ' Bless,
 God bless 'em : marriages are made in heaven.'

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her.
 My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced 190
 With half a score of swarthy faces came.
 His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly,

Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair ;
Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,
Tho' seeming boastful : so when first he dash'd
Into the chronicle of a deedful day,
Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
Of patron ' Good ! my lady's kinsman ! good ! '
My lady with her fingers interlock'd,
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees, 200
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear
To listen : unawares they flitted off,
Busying themselves about the flowerage
That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,
The meteor of a splendid season, she,
Once with this kinsman, ah ! so long ago,
Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days :
But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him
Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life ;
Till Leolin, ever watchful of her eye, 210
Hated him with a momentary hate.
Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was he :
I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd
His oriental gifts on every one
And most on Edith : like a storm he came,
And shook the house, and like a storm he went.

Among the gifts he left her — possibly
He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return
When others had been tested — there was one,
A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it 220
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself
Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. I know not whence at first,
Nor of what race, the work ; but as he told
The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves
He got it ; for their captain after fight,

His comrades having fought their last below,
Was climbing up the valley ; at whom he shot :
Down from the beetling crag to which he clung
Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,
This dagger with him, which, when now admired
By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

230

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,
Tost over all her presents petulantly ;
And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying,
' Look what a lovely piece of workmanship !'
Slight was his answer, ' Well — I care not for it :'
Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,
' A gracious gift to give a lady, this !'
' But would it be more gracious,' ask'd the girl,
' Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady?' ' Gracious? No,' said he.
' Me? — but I cared not for it. O pardon me,
I seem to be ungraciousness itself.'
' Take it,' she added sweetly, ' tho' his gift ;
For I am more ungracious even than you,
I care not for it either ;' and he said,
' Why then I love it :' but Sir Aylmer past,
And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

240

250

The next day came a neighbor. Blues and reds
They talk'd of ; blues were sure of it, he thought :
Then of the latest fox — where started — kill'd
In such a bottom ; ' Peter had the brush,
My Peter, first : ' and did Sir Aylmer know
That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?
Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand,
And rolling as it were the substance of it
Between his palms a moment up and down —

'The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him ; 260
We have him now : ' and had Sir Aylmer heard —
Nay, but he must — the land was ringing of it —
This blacksmith border-marriage — one they knew —
Raw from the nursery — who could trust a child ?
That cursed France with her egalities !
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially
With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think —
For people talk'd — that it was wholly wise
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk
So freely with his daughter ? people talk'd — 270
The boy might get a notion into him ;
The girl might be entangled ere she knew.
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke :
'The girl and boy, sir, know their differences !'
'Good,' said his friend, 'but watch !' and he, 'Enough,
More than enough, sir ! I can guard my own.'
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house
Had fallen first, was Edith that same night ;
Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece 280
Of early rigid color, under which
Withdrawing by the counter door to that
Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon him
A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one
Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
And pelted with outrageous epithets,
Turning beheld the Powers of the House
On either side the hearth, indignant ; her,
Cooling her false cheek with a feather fan,
Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd, 290
And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.
'Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,
Presumptuous ! trusted as he was with her,

The sole succeder to their wealth, their lands,
 The last remaining pillar of their house,
 The one transmitter of their ancient name,
 Their child.' 'Our child!' 'Our heiress!' 'Ours!' for still,
 Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
 Her sicklier iteration. Last he said,

'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.

300

I swear you shall not make them out of mine.

Now inasmuch as you have practised on her,

Perplex her, made her half forget herself,

Swerve from her duty to herself and us —

Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,

Far as we track ourselves — I say that this —

Else I withdraw favor and countenance

From you and yours for ever — shall you do.

Sir, when you see her — but you shall not see her —

No, you shall write, and not to her, but me :

310

And you shall say that having spoken with me,

And after look'd into yourself, you find

That you meant nothing — as indeed you know

That you meant nothing. Such a match as this !

Impossible, prodigious !' These were words,

As meted by his measure of himself,

Arguing boundless forbearance : after which,

And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, ' I

So foul a traitor to myself and her,

Never, O never !' for about as long

320

As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused

Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,

Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying,

' Boy, should I find you by my doors again,

My men shall lash you from them like a dog ;

Hence !' with a sudden execration drove

The footstool from before him, and arose ;

So, stammering ' scoundrel ' out of teeth that ground

As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
 Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man 330
 Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood
 Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face
 Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,
 Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,
 Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye
 That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door
 Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,
 Went Leolin ; then, his passions all in flood
 And masters of his motion, furiously 340
 Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,
 And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear :
 Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed :
 The man was his, had been his father's, friend :
 He must have seen, himself had seen it long ;
 He must have known, himself had known : besides,
 He never yet had set his daughter forth
 Here in the woman-markets of the west,
 Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.
 Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin to him. 350
 'Brother, for I have loved you more as son
 Than brother, let me tell you : I myself—
 What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?
 Jilted I was : I say it for your peace.
 Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame
 The woman should have borne, humiliated,
 I lived for years a stunted sunless life ;
 Till after our good parents past away
 Watching your growth, I seem'd again to grow.
 Leolin, I almost sin in envying you : 360
 The very whitest lamb in all my fold
 Loves you : I know her : the worst thought she has

Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
 She must prove true : for, brother, where two fight
 The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,
 And you are happy : let her parents be.'

But Leolin cried out the more upon them —
 Insolent, brainless, heartless ! heiress, wealth,
 Their wealth, their heiress ! wealth enough was theirs
 For twenty matches. Were he lord of this, 370
 Why twenty boys and girls should marry on it,
 And forty blest ones bless him, and himself
 Be wealthy still, ay wealthier. He believed
 This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made
 The harlot of the cities : nature crost
 Was mother of the foul adulteries
 That saturate soul with body. Name, too ! name,
 Their ancient name ! they *might* be 'proud ; its worth
 Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she had look'd
 Darling, to-night ! they must have rated her 380
 Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-lords,
 These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
 Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing
 Since Egbert — why, the greater their disgrace !
 Fall back upon a name ! rest, rot in that !
 Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler ? fools,
 With such a vantage-ground for nobleness !
 He had known a man, a quintessence of man,
 The life of all — who madly loved — and he,
 Thwarted by one of these old father-fools, 390
 Had rioted his life out, and made an end.
 He would not do it ! her sweet face and faith
 Held him from that : but he had powers, he knew it :
 Back would he to his studies, make a name,
 Name, fortune too : the world should ring of him
 To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves :

Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be —
'O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief —
Give me my fling, and let me say my say.'

At which, like one that sees his own excess,
And easily forgives it as his own, 400
He laugh'd ; and then was mute ; but presently
Wept like a storm : and honest Averill seeing
How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd
His richest bee's-wing from a binn reserved
For banquets, praised the waning red, and told
The vintage — when *this* Aylmer came of age —
Then drank and past it ; till at length the two,
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed
That much allowance must be made for men. 410
After an angry dream this kindlier glow
Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,
A perilous meeting under the tall pines
That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.
Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest
In agony, she promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her :
He, passionately hopefuller, would go,
Labor for his own Edith, and return 420
In such a sunlight of prosperity
He should not be rejected. 'Write to me !
They loved me, and because I love their child
They hate me : there is war between us, dear,
Which breaks all bonds but ours ; we must remain
Sacred to one another.' So they talk'd,
Poor children, for their comfort : the wind blew ;
The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt

Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other 430
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went ; and as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but smattering
In phrases here and there at random, toil'd
Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's room, 440
Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale, —
Old scandals buried now seven decads deep
In other scandals that have lived and died,
And left the living scandal that shall die —
Were dead to him already ; bent as he was
To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,
And prodigal of all brain-labor he,
Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,
Except when for a breathing-while at eve,
Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran 450
Beside the river-bank : and then indeed
Harder the times were, and the hands of power
Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men
Seem'd harder too ; but the soft river-breeze,
Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose
Yet fragrant in a heart remembering
His former talks with Edith, on him breathed
Far purer in his rushings to and fro,
After his books, to flush his blood with air,
Then to his books again. My lady's cousin, 460
Half-sickening of his pension'd afternoon,
Drove in upon the student once or twice,
Ran a Malayan amuck against the times,

Had golden hopes for France and all mankind,
Answer'd all queries touching those at home
With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,
And fain had haled him out into the world,
And air'd him there : his nearer friend would say,
'Screw not the chord too sharply lest it snap.'
Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth
From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,
Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.
And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him
Approvingly, and prophesied his rise :
For heart, I think, help'd head : her letters too,
Tho' far between, and coming fitfully
Like broken music, written as she found
Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

470

480

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,
Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves
To sell her, those good parents, for her good.
Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
Might lie within their compass, him they lured
Into their net made pleasant by the baits
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.
So month by month the noise about their doors,
And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made
The nightly wirer of their innocent hare
Falter before he took it. All in vain.
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
So often, that the folly taking wings
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind
With rumor, and became in other fields
A mockery to the yeomen over ale,

490

And laughter to their lords : but those at home,
As hunters round a hunted creature draw
The cordon close and closer toward the death, 500
Narrow'd her goings out and comings in ;
Forbade her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,
Last from her own home-circle of the poor
They barr'd her : yet she bore it ; yet her cheek
Kept color : wondrous ! but, O mystery !
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,
So old, that twenty years before, a part
Falling had let appear the brand of John —
Once grove-like, each huge arm a tree, but now 510
The broken base of a black tower, a cave
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.
There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-dust
Found for himself a bitter treasure-trove ;
Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read
Writhing a letter from his child, for which
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,
But scared with threats of jail and halter gave 520
To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits
The letter which he brought, and swore besides
To play their go-between as heretofore
Nor let them know themselves betray'd ; and then
Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went
Hating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream
The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn
Aroused the black republic on his elms,
Sweeping the froth-fly from the fescue brush'd 530
Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,

Seized it, took home, and to my lady — who made
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,
Listless in all despondence — read ; and tore,
As if the living passion symbol'd there
Were living nerves to feel the rent ; and burnt,
Now chafing at his own great self defied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn
In babyisms, and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary
Of such a love as like a chidden child,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last
Hopeless of answer : then tho' Averill wrote
And bade him with good heart sustain himself —
All would be well—the lover heeded not,
But passionately restless came and went,
And rustling once at night about the place,
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,
Raging return'd : nor was it well for her
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
Watch'd even there ; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all,
Yet bitterer from his readings. Once indeed,
Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her,
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly
Not knowing what possess'd him : that one kiss
Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth ;
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,
Seem'd hope's returning rose : and then ensued
A Martin's summer of his faded love,
Or ordeal by kindness ; after this
He seldom crost his child without a sneer ;
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies :
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word :
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face

540

550

560

With twenty months of silence, slowly lost
 Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
 Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
 The weakness of a people or a house,
 Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
 Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt —
 Save Christ as we believe him — found the girl
 And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
 Where careless of the household faces near,
 And crying upon the name of Leolin,
 She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past.

570

Star to star vibrates light : may soul to soul
 Strike thro' a finer element of her own?
 So — from afar — touch as at once? or why
 That night, that moment, when she named his name,
 Did the keen shriek, 'Yes love, yes, Edith, yes,'
 Shri11, till the comrade of his chambers woke,
 And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,
 With a weird bright eye, sweating and trembling,
 His hair as it were crackling into flames,
 His body half flung forward in pursuit,
 And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer :
 Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry ;
 And being much befool'd and idioted
 By the rough amity of the other, sank
 As into sleep again. The second day,
 My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
 A breaker of the bitter news from home,
 Found a dead man, a letter edged with death
 Beside him, and the dagger which himself
 Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's blood :
 'From Edith' was engraven on the blade.

580

590

Then Averill went and gazed upon his death.
And when he came again, his flock believed — 600
Beholding how the years which are not Time's
Had blasted him — that many thousand days
Were clipt by horror from his term of life.
Yet the sad mother, for the second death
Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness of the first,
And being used to find her pastor texts,
Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying him
To speak before the people of her child,
And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that day rose :
Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods 610
Was all the life of it ; for hard on these,
A breathless burthen of low-folded heavens
Stifled and chill'd at once ; but every roof
Sent out a listener : many too had known
Edith among the hamlets round, and since
The parents' harshness and the hapless loves
And double death were widely murmur'd, left
Their own gray tower, or plain-faced tabernacle,
To hear him ; all in mourning these, and those
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove 620
Or kerchief ; while the church — one night, except
For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets — made
Still paler the pale head of him who tower'd
Above them, with his hopes in either grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,
His face magnetic to the hand from which
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd thro'
His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse, ' Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate !'
But lapsed into so long a pause again 630
As half amazed half frighted all his flock ;

Then from his height and loneliness of grief
 Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart
 Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea,
 Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,
 And all but those who knew the living God —
 Eight that were left to make a purer world —
 When since had flood, fire, earthquake, thunder, wrought
 Such waste and havoc as the idolatries, 640
 Which from the low light of mortality
 Shot up their shadows to the heaven of heavens,
 And worshipt their own darkness in the Highest?
 'Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baäl,
 And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
 For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.
 Then came a Lord in no wise like to Baäl.
 The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now
 The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
 Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts! — 650
 No coarse and blockish God of acreage
 Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to —
 Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
 And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
 And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
 And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.
 In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.
 Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him*; for thine
 Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
 Ruffled upon the scarf-skin, even while 660
 The deathless ruler of thy dying house
 Is wounded to the death that cannot die;
 And tho' thou numberest with the followers
 Of One who cried, "Leave all and follow me."
 Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,

Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the two ; 670
Crueller : as not passing thro' the fire
Bodies, but souls — thy children's — thro' the smoke.
The blight of low desires — darkening thine own
To thine own likeness ; or if one of these,
Thy better born unhappily from thee,
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair —
Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her —
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn, 680
Fair as the Angel that said " Hail ! " she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.
For so mine own was brighten'd : where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam of heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway ? whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom ? The poor child of shame,
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,
As with the mother he had never known, 690
In gambols ; for her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence — free of alms her hand —
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones ;
How often placed upon the sick man's brow

Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth !
 Had you one sorrow and she shared it not ?
 One burthen and she would not lighten it ?
 One spiritual doubt she did not soothe ?
 Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
 How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,
 And steal you from each other ! for she walk'd
 Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
 Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee !
 And one — of him I was not bid to speak — 710
 Was always with her, whom you also knew.
 Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.
 And these had been together from the first ;
 They might have been together till the last.
 Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
 May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
 Without the captain's knowledge : hope with me.
 Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame ?
 Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
 I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls, 720
 " My house is left unto me desolate." "

While thus he spoke, his hearers wept ; but some,
 Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than those
 That knit themselves for summer shadow, scowl'd
 At their great lord. He, when it seem'd he saw
 No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd
 Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,
 Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier-like,
 Erect : but when the preacher's cadence flow'd
 Softening thro' all the gentle attributes 730
 Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd his face,
 Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth ;
 And, ' O, pray God that he hold up ! ' she thought,
 ' Or surely I shall shame myself and him.'

'Nor yours the blame — for who beside your hearths
Can take her place? — if echoing me you cry,
"Our house is left unto us desolate."
But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours ! 740
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Repent"?
Is not our own child on the narrow way,
Who down to those that saunter in the broad
Cries, "Come up hither," as a prophet to us?
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify —
No desolation but by sword and fire?
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss. 750
Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,
Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,
Exceeding "poor in spirit" — how the words
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean
Vileness, we are grown so proud — I wish'd my voice
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world —
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
To inflame the tribes: but there — out yonder — earth 760
Lightens from her own central hell — O there
The red fruit of an old idolatry —
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,
They cling together in the ghastly sack —
The land all shambles — naked marriages
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.
Is this a time to madden madness then?

Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride? 770
 May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those
 Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes
 Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from all !
 Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it :
 O, rather pray for those and pity them,
 Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd, bring
 Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave —
 Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
 Which else had link'd their race with times to come —
 Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity, 780
 Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good —
 Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
 Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death !
 May not that earthly chastisement suffice ?
 Have not our love and reverence left them bare ?
 Will not another take their heritage ?
 Will there be children's laughter in their hall
 For ever and for ever, or one stone
 Left on another, or is it a light thing
 That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend, 790
 I made by these the last of all my race,
 Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried
 Christ ere His agony to those that swore
 Not by the temple but the gold, and made
 Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
 And left their memories a world's curse — " Behold,
 Your house is left unto you desolate " ? '

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more :
 Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,
 Her cramp'd-up sorrow pain'd her, and a sense 800
 Of meanness in her unresisting life.
 Then their eyes vexed her ; for on entering
 He had cast the curtains of their seat aside —

Black velvet of the costliest — she herself
Had seen to that : fain had she closed them now,
Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd
Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,
Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd
His face with the other, and at once, as falls
A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
The woman shrieking at his feet, and swoon'd.
Then her own people bore along the nave
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre face
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years :
And her the Lord of all the landscape round
Even to its last horizon, and of all
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd out
Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways
Stumbling across the market to his death,
Unpitied ; for he groped as blind, and seem'd
Always about to fall, grasping the pews
And oaken finials till he touch'd the door ;
Yet to the lych-gate, where his chariot stood,
Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.

810

820

But nevermore did either pass the gate
Save under pall with bearers. In one month,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
The childless mother went to seek her child ;
And when he felt the silence of his house
About him, and the change and not the change,
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors
Staring for ever from their gilded walls
On him their last descendant, his own head
Began to droop, to fall ; the man became
Imbecile ; his one word was ' desolate ; '
Dead for two years before his death was he ;

830

But when the second Christmas came, escaped
 His keepers, and the silence which he felt,
 To find a deeper in the narrow gloom 840
 By wife and child ; nor wanted at his end
 The dark retinue reverencing death
 At golden thresholds ; nor from tender hearts,
 And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race,
 Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.
 Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
 And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms ;
 And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
 Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
 The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores, 850
 The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
 The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
 Follows the mouse, and all is open field.



SEA DREAMS.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred ;
 His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child —
 One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old :
 They, thinking that her clear germander eye
 Droopt in the giant-factored city-gloom,
 Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea :
 For which his gains were dock'd, however small.
 Small were his gains, and hard his work ; besides,
 Their slender household fortunes — for the man
 Had risk'd his little — like the little thrift, 860
 Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep :
 And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
 Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
 And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,



To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day ; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel ; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed ;
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd,
' Thus, thus with violence,' even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel : ' Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea ;
' Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world ;
He at his own : but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they came and paced the shore,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed —
The sootflake of so many a summer still

20

30

Clung to their fancies — that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,
And rosed in the east : then homeward and to bed : 40
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
' Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, ' Love, forgive him : ' but he did not speak ;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide 50
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts — ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
' A wreck, a wreck ! ' then turn'd, and groaning said :

' Forgive ! How many will say, " forgive," and find 60
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer ! No ; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
Is it so true that second thoughts are best ?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first ?
Too ripe, too late ! they come too late for use.
Ah ! love, there surely lives in man and beast

Something divine to warn them of their foes :
And such a sense, when first I fronted him,
Said, " Trust him not ; " but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less ;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity ;
Sat at his table ; drank his costly wines ;
Made more and more allowance for his talk ;
Went further, fool ! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and desk-work : there is no such mine,
None ; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea roars
Ruin : a fearful night !'

70

80

' Not fearful ; fair,'
Said the good wife, ' if every star in heaven
Can make it fair : you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams ?'

' O yes,' he said, ' I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness : then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. " What a world," I thought,
" To live in ! " but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees

90

As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

100

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision ; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink.
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it :
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines :"
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought ;
And ask'd ; but not a word ; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder ; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns ;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path : I follow'd ; and at top
She pointed seaward : there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine : right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold : and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left ; and then I fear'd
Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off ;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet —
I thought I could have died to save it — near'd,

110

120

130

Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life ; the woman honest Work ;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it ;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream :
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

140

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband ; 'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books !"
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
"The books, the books !" but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death :
When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well ;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. "My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith ! We live by faith," said he ;
"And all things work together for the good
Of those " — it makes me sick to quote him — last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow :
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you : then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'

150

160

‘Was he so bound, poor soul?’ said the good wife ;
 ‘So are we all : but do not call him, love,
 Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
 His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
 A silent court of justice in his breast, 170
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself
 The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn’d :
 And that drags down his life : then comes what comes
 Hereafter : and he meant, he said he meant,
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.’

“With all his conscience and one eye askew” —
 Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
 A man is likewise counsel for himself,
 Too often, in that silent court of yours —
 “With all his conscience and one eye askew, 180
 So false, he partly took himself for true ;
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye ;
 Who, never naming God except for gain,
 So never took that useful name in vain,
 Made him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool ;
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
 And snake-like slimed his victim ere he gorged ;
 And oft at Bible meetings, o’er the rest 190
 Arising, did his holy oily best,
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
 To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.”
 How like you this old satire ?’

‘Nay,’ she said,
 ‘I loathe it : he had never kindly heart,
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,

Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
 But will you hear *my* dream, for I had one
 That altogether went to music? Still
 It awed me.'

Then she told it, having dream'd
 Of that same coast.

200

— But round the North, a light,
 A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay,
 And ever in it a low musical note
 Swell'd up and died ; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
 Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
 Grew with the growing note, and when the note
 Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on those cliffs
 Broke, mixt with awful light — the same as that
 Living within the belt — whereby she saw
 That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
 But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
 Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
 One after one : and then the great ridge drew,
 Lessening to the lessening music, back,
 And past into the belt and swell'd again
 Slowly to music : ever when it broke
 The statues, king or saint, or founder fell ;
 Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin left
 Came men and women in dark clusters round,
 Some crying, 'Set them up ! they shall not fall !'
 And others, 'Let them lie, for they have fallen.'
 And still they strove and wrangled : and she grieved
 In her strange dream, she knew not why, to find
 Their wildest wailings never out of tune
 With that sweet note ; and ever as their shrieks
 Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
 Returning, while none mark'd it, on the crowd

210

220

Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd their eyes
 Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
 The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
 To the waste deeps together.

230

‘Then I fixt

My wistful eyes on two fair images,
 Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,—
 The Virgin Mother standing with her child
 High up on one of those dark minster-fronts —
 Till she began to totter, and the child
 Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
 Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I woke,
 And my dream awed me : — well — but what are dreams?
 Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
 And mine but from the crying of a child.’

240

‘Child? No!’ said he, ‘but this tide's roar, and his,
 Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
 And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms —
 Altho' I grant but little music there —
 Went both to make your dream : but if there were
 A music harmonizing our wild cries,
 Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
 Why, that would make our passions far too like
 The discords dear to the musician. No —
 One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven :
 True devils with no ear, they howl in tune
 With nothing but the Devil!’

250

“True” indeed !

One of our town, but later by an hour
 Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore ;
 While you were running down the sands, and made
 The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,

Good man, to please the child. She brought strange news.
Why were you silent when I spoke to-night?
I had set my heart on your forgiving him
Before you knew. We *must* forgive the dead.'

260

'Dead! who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah! dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice —
You spoke so loud — has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her "little birdie"? well then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."'

270

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the night
Her other, found — for it was close beside —
And half-embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song :

280

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

290

'She sleeps : let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps — another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong : forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder !'

Then the man,
'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound :
I do forgive him !'

300

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.



MARIANA.

'Mariana in the moated grange.'
Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all ;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, ' My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

10

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

20

She only said, ' The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow ;
The cock sung out an hour ere light ;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

30

She only said, ' The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small,
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver-green with gnarled bark :
 For leagues no other tree did mark
 The level waste, the rounding gray.
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said ;
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! '

40

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up and away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, ' The night is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said ;
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! '

50

60

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
 The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices called her from without.

She only said, ' My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said ;
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! '

70

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said ;
 She wept, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 Oh God, that I were dead ! '

80



MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

With one black shadow at its feet,
 'The house thro' all the level shines,
 Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
 And silent in its dusty vines :
 A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
 An empty river-bed before,
 And shallows on a distant shore,
 In glaring sand and inlets bright.
 But ' Ave Mary,' made she moan,
 And ' Ave Mary,' night and morn,
 And ' Ah ! ' she sang, ' to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

10

She, as her carol sadder grew,
 From brow and bosom slowly down
 Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
 Her streaming curls of deepest brown
 To left and right, and made appear
 Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
 Her melancholy eyes divine,
 The home of woe without a tear.

20

And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,
 'Madonna, sad is night and morn,'
 And 'Ah!' she sang, 'to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

Till all the crimson changed, and past
 Into deep orange o'er the sea,
 Low on her knees herself she cast,
 Before Our Lady murmur'd she;
 Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace
 To help me of my weary load.'
 And on the liquid mirror glow'd
 The clear perfection of her face.

30

'Is this the form,' she made her moan,
 'That won his praises night and morn?'
 And 'Ah!' she said, 'but I wake alone,
 I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
 Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
 But day increased from heat to heat,
 On stony drought and steaming salt;
 Till now at noon she slept again,
 And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
 And heard her native breezes pass,
 And runlets babbling down the glen.

40

She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
 And murmuring, as at night and morn,
 She thought, 'My spirit is here alone,
 Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.'

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream :

She felt he was and was not there.

50

She woke : the babble of the stream

Fell, and, without, the steady glare

Shrank one sick willow sere and small.

The river-bed was dusty-white ;

And all the furnace of the light

Struck up against the blinding wall.

She whisper'd, with a stifled moan

More inward than at night or morn,

'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone

Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

60

And, rising, from her bosom drew

Old letters, breathing of her worth,

For 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be true,

To what is loveliest upon earth.'

An image seem'd to pass the door,

To look at her with slight, and say,

'But now thy beauty flows away,

So be alone for evermore.'

'O cruel heart,' she changed her tone,

'And cruel love, whose end is scorn,

70

Is this the end, to be left alone,

To live forgotten, and die forlorn ?'

But sometimes in the falling day

An image seem'd to pass the door,

To look into her eyes and say,

'But thou shalt be alone no more.'

And flaming downward over all
 From heat to heat the day decreased,
 And slowly rounded to the east
 The one black shadow from the wall. 80
 ‘The day to night,’ she made her moan,
 ‘The day to night, the night to morn,
 And day and night I am left alone
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.’

At eve a dry cicala sung,
 There came a sound as of the sea ;
 Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
 And lean’d upon the balcony.
 There all in spaces rosy-bright
 Large Hesper glitter’d on her tears, 90
 And deepening thro’ the silent spheres
 Heaven over heaven rose the night.
 And weeping then she made her moan,
 ‘The night comes on that knows not morn,
 When I shall cease to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.’



LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown :
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired :
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name, 10
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that doats on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind. 20
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply,
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
 O, your sweet eyes, your low replies !
 A great enchantress you may be ; 30
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of you.
 Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. 40

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door ;
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

50

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers ;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

60

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
O, teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

70

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WELL, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote :
It was last summer on a tour in Wales :
Old James was with me : we that day had been
Up Snowdon ; and I wish'd for Leonard there,
And found him in Llanberis : then we crost
Between the lakes, and clamber'd half way up
The counter side ; and that same song of his
He told me ; for I banter'd him, and swore
They said he lived shut up within himself,
A tongue-tied poet in the feverous days,
That, setting the *how much* before the *how*,
Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, ' Give,
Cram us with all,' but count not me the herd !

10

To which ' They call me what they will,' he said ;
' But I was born too late : the fair new forms,
That float about the threshold of an age,
Like truths of Science waiting to be caught —
Catch me who can, and make the catcher crown'd —
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.
But if you care indeed to listen, hear
These measured words, my work of yesternorn :

20

' We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move ;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse ;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

' Ah ! tho' the times, when some new thought can bud.
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

30

'When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
 But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Thro' all the season of the golden year.

'Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
 If all the world were falcons, what of that?
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

40

'Fly, happy happy sails, and bear the Press;
 Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
 Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.

'But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year?'

50

Thus far he flow'd, and ended; whereupon
 'Ah, folly!' in mimic cadence answer'd James —
 'Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
 Not in our time, nor in our children's time,
 'Tis like the second world to us that live;
 'T were all as one to fix our hopes on heaven
 As on this vision of the golden year.'

With that he struck his staff against the rocks
 And broke it, — James, — you know him, — old, but full
 Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,
 And like an oaken stock in winter woods,
 O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis:
 Then added, all in heat:

60

'What stuff is this!
 Old writers push'd the happy season back, —

The more fools they, — we forward ; dreamers both :
 You most, that in an age, when every hour
 Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
 Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
 Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge
 His hand into the bag : but well I know
 That unto him who works, and feels he works,
 This same grand year is ever at the doors.'

70

He spoke ; and, high above, I heard them blast
 The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap
 And buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff.



TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

10

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man —
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
 To his great heart none other than a God !
 I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd 20
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go : take back thy gift :
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance 30
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart ; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise, 40
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo ! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true ?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me ! ay me ! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch — if I be he that watch'd —
The lucid outline forming round thee ; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings ;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Iliou like a mist rose into towers.

50

60

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East :
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

70

FREEDOM.

[1842.]

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights ;
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face —

10

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;

20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

FREEDOM.

[1884.]

O THOU so fair in summers gone,
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon,
The glittering Capitol ;

So fair in Southern sunshine bathed,
But scarce of such majestic mien
As here with forehead vapor-swathed
In meadows ever green ;

For thou — when Athens reign'd and Rome,
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain — 10
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain ;

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream

Of Knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic Hate no more to be,
Of Love to leaven all the mass
Till every soul be free ; — 20

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not mar
By changes all too fierce and fast
This order of her Human Star,
This heritage of the past ;

O scorner of the party cry
 That wanders from the public good,
 Thou — when the nations rear on high
 Their idol smear'd with blood,

And when they roll their idol down —
 Of saner worship sanely proud ;
 Thou loather of the lawless crown
 As of the lawless crowd ;

30

How long thine ever-growing mind
 Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,
 Tho' some of late would raise a wind
 To sing thee to thy grave,

Men loud against all forms of power —
 Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues —
 Expecting all things in an hour —
 Brass mouths and iron lungs !

40

RIZPAH.

17—

I.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea —
 And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out to me.'
 Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I can-
 not go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares
 at the snow.

II.

We should be seen, my dear ; they would spy us out of the town.
 The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

III.

Anything fallen again? nay — what was there left to fall?
 I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.
 What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as a spy?
 Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you — what have you heard?
 Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
 O — to pray with me — yes — a lady — none of their spies —
 But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

V.

Ah — you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,
 The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
 I have done it, while you were asleep — you were only made for the day.
 I have gather'd my baby together — and now you may go your way.

VI.

Nay — for it's kind of you, madam, to sit by an old dying wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child —

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said ; he was always so wild —

And idle — and could n't be idle — my Willy — he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good ;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would ;

And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows — ' I 'll none of it,' said my son.

VIII.

I came into court to the judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,

God's own truth — but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.

They hang'd him in chains for a show — we had always borne a good name —

To be hang'd for a thief — and then put away — is n't that enough shame ?

Dust to dust — low down — let us hide ! but they set him so
 high
 That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.
 God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of
 the air,
 But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and
 hang'd him there. 40

IX.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last
 good-bye ;
 They had fasten'd the door of his cell. 'O mother !' I heard
 him cry.
 I could n't get back tho' I tried, he had something further
 to say,
 And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

X.

Then since I could n't but hear that cry of my boy that was
 dead,
 They seized me and shut me up ; they fasten'd me down on
 my bed.
 'Mother, O mother !' — he call'd in the dark to me year after
 year —
 They beat me for that, they beat me — you know that I
 could n't but hear ;
 And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and
 still
 They let me abroad again — but the creatures had worked
 their will. 50

XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left —
 I stole them all from the lawyers — and you, will you call it a
 theft? —

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had
laughed and had cried —
Theirs? O, no ! they are mine — not theirs — they had moved
in my side.

XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried
'em all —
I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by the churchyard
wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill
sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII.

They would scratch him up — they would hang him again on
the cursed tree.
Sin? O, yes ! — we are sinners, I know — let all that be, 60
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward
men —
' Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord ' — let me hear it
again ;
' Full of compassion and mercy — long-suffering.' Yes, O, yes !
For the lawyer is born but to murder — the Saviour lives but
to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the
worst,
And the first may be last — I have heard it in church — and
the last may be first.
Suffering — O, long-suffering — yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and
the snow.

XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented
his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of his
kin?

Heard ! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs
 began,
 The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan
 like a man ?

xv.

Election, Election and Reprobation — it 's all very well.
 But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in hell.
 For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into
 my care,
 And He means me I 'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know
 not where.

xvi.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire :
 Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the
 fire ?
 I have been with God in the dark — go, go, you may leave
 me alone —
 You never have borne a child — you are just as hard as a
 stone.

80

xvii.

Madam, I beg your pardon ! I think that you mean to be kind,
 But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the
 wind —
 The snow and the sky so bright — he used but to call in the
 dark,
 And he calls to me now from the church and not from the
 gibbet — for hark !
 Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is coming — shaking the
 walls —
 Willy — the moon 's in a cloud — Good night. I am going.
 He calls.

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

LATE, my grandson ! half the morning have I paced these
sandy tracts,
Watch'd again the hollow ridges roaring into cataracts,

Wander'd back to living boyhood while I heard the curlews
call,
I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locksley Hall.

So, your happy suit was blasted — she the faultless, the divine ;
And you liken — boyish babble — this boy-love of yours with
mine !

I, myself, have often babbled doubtless of a foolish past ;
Babble, babble ! our old England may go down in babble at last.

'Curse him !' curse your fellow-victim ? call him dotard in
your rage ?
Eyes that lured a doting boyhood well might fool a dotard's
age. 10

Jilted for a wealthier ! wealthier ? yet perhaps she was not wise ;
I remember how you kiss'd the miniature with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting — Amy's arms about my
neck —
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture — she that clasp'd my neck had
flown ;
I was left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment, will you sicken for her sake?
You, not you! your modern amorist is of easier, earthlier
make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy was a timid child;
But your Judith — but your worldling — *she* had never driven
me wild. 20

She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden
ring,
She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of spring;

She that in her heart is brooding on his briefer lease of life,
While she vows, 'till death shall part us,' she the would-be
widow wife;

She the worldling born of worldlings — father, mother — be
content,
Even the homely farm can teach us there is something in
descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea, to crush the Moslem in his
pride;
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he
died. 30

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our blood!

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt in prayer,
Close beneath the casement crimson, with the shield of Locks-
ley — there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled,
Lies my Amy, dead in childbirth, dead the mother, dead the
child.

Dead — and sixty years ago, and dead her aged husband now ;
I, this old white-headed dreamer, stoopt and kiss'd her marble
brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate
tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's
dawning years ;

40

Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fallen away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the chancel
stones,
All his virtues — I forgive them — black in white above his
bones.

Gone, the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the
foe,
Some thro' age and slow diseases, gone as all on earth will go.

Gone, with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran,
She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of
man,

Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet,
Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender
feet,

50

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my
kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me while I wander'd down the coast,
Near us Edith's holy shadow, smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father, Leonard early lost at sea ;
Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying to be left alone,
Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth — for Truth is Truth — he worshipt, being true as he
was brave ;

Good — for Good is Good — he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond
the grave ; 60

Wiser there than you that, crowning barren Death as lord of all,
Deem this over-tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall !

Beautiful was death in him who saw the death but kept the deck,
Saving women and their babes and sinking with the sinking
wreck.

Gone forever ! Ever? no — for since our dying race began
Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man.

Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave and slew the wife
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the
night ;

Even the black Australian dying hopes he shall return, a
white. 70

Truth for truth and good for good ! The good, the true, the
pure, the just —

Take the charm ' Forever ' from them, and they crumble into
dust.

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing
gloom ;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest common-
place !

'Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till ten thousand years have
gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old Assyrian kings would flay
Captives whom they caught in battle — iron-hearted victors
they. 80

Ages after, while in Asia, he that led the wild Moguls,
Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls.

Then, and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English
names,
Christian conquerors took and flung the conquer'd Christian
into flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the
great ;
Christian love among the Churches look'd the twin of heathen
hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man had coin'd himself a
curse ;
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter, which was crueller? which
was worse ?

France had shown a light to all men, preach'd a gospel, all
 men's good ;
 Celtic Demos rose a demon, shriek'd and slaked the light
 with blood. 90

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun,
 Crown'd with sunlight — over darkness — from the still un-
 risen sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan ?
 ' Kill your enemy, for you hate him,' still, ' your enemy was
 a man.'

Have we sunk below them ? Peasants maim the helpless
 horse, and drive
 Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers — burnt at midnight,
 found at morn,
 Twisted hard in mortal agony, with their offspring born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother ! Are we devils ? are we men ?
 Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again, 100

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
 Sisters, brothers — and the beasts — whose pains are hardly
 less than ours !

Chaos, Cosmos ? Cosmos, Chaos ! who can tell how all will end ?
 Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for
 your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past ;
 Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the
 hour will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise :
When was age so cramm'd with menace? madness? written,
spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to
scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born !' 110

Equal born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat ;

Till the cat, thro' that mirage of overheated language, loom
Larger than the lion, — Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we
yield?
Pause before you sound the trumpet, hear the voices from the
field.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre
now,
Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? Take the suffrage
of the plough.

Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth, if only you and
you,
Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly
true. 120

Ploughmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once, and
still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-
liar ;
So the higher wields the lower, while the lower is the higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine ;
 Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos ! Cosmos, Chaos ! once again the sickening
 game ;
 Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her
 name.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to
 all ;
 Step by step we rose to greatness, — thro' the tonguesters we
 may fall.

130

You that woo the Voices — tell them 'old experience is a
 fool,'
 Teach your flatter'd kings that only those who cannot read
 can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek ones in
 their place ;
 Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her face.

Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the yelling
 street,
 Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the
 hope,
 Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins
 down the slope.

Authors — atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play
 your part ;
 Paint the mortal shame of Nature with the living hues of
 Art.

140

Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions
bare ;
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence — forward —
naked — let them stare.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your
sewer ;
Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue
pure.

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism ;
Forward, forward — ay and backward, downward too into the
abysm.

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of
men ;
Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the beast
again ?

Only 'dust to dust' for me that sicken at your lawless din,
Dust in wholesome old-world dust before the newer world
begin. 150

Heated am I? You, you wonder — well, it scarce becomes
mine age —
Patience ! let the dying actor mouth his last upon the stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the dotard fall asleep?
Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think gray thoughts, for I am
gray :
After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us thro' the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and re-
publics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier — all for each and each for
all? 160

All the full-brain, half-brain races led by Justice, Love, and
Truth;
All the millions one at length, with all the visions of my
youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt or deaf or
blind,
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue,
I have seen her far away — for is not Earth as yet so young?

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles. 170

Warless? when her tens are thousands, and her thousands
millions, then —
All her harvest all too narrow — who can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or
soon?
Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world, the
moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her. . . . On this day and at
this hour,
In this gap between the sand-hills, whence you see the Locksley
Tower,

Here we met, our latest meeting — Amy — sixty years ago —
She and I — the moon was falling greenish thro' a rosy glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her
now —

Here we stood and claspt each other, swore the seeming-
deathless vow. . . . 180

Dead, but how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the
grass !

Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and the sun himself will pass.

Venus near her ! smiling downward at this earthlier earth of
ours,

Closer on the sun, perhaps a world of never-fading flowers ;

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good
things —

All good things may move in Hesper, perfect peoples, perfect
kings.

Hesper — Venus — were we native to that splendor, or in Mars,
We should see the globe we groan in, fairest of their evening
stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust
and spite,

Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful
light ? 190

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, ' Would to God that
we were there ' ?

Forward, backward, backward, forward, in the immeasurable
sea,

Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be known to you or me.

All the suns — are these but symbols of innumerable man,
 Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere?
 Well, be grateful for the sounding watchword, 'Evolution,' here.

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
 And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud. 200

'What are men that He should heed us?' cried the king of
 sacred song;

Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent heavens roll, and suns along their fiery way,
 All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a
 day.

Many an æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born;
 Many an æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge and yet so bounded—pools of salt and plots of
 land —

Shallow skin of green and azure — chains of mountain, grains
 of sand!

Only That which made us meant us to be mightier by and by,
 Set the sphere of all the boundless heavens within the human
 eye, 210

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human
 soul,

Boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the Whole.

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded
 gate.

Not to-night in Locksley Hall — to-morrow — you, you come
 so late.

Wreck'd — your train — or all but wreck'd? a shatter'd wheel?
a vicious boy?
Good, this 'Forward,' you that preach it, is it well to wish you
joy?

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the
street. 220

There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily
bread,
There a single, sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted
floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your 'Forward,' yours are hope and
youth; but I —
Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry,

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the
night;
Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of even? light the glimmer of the dawn?
Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam with-
drawn. 230

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or, if she gain her earthly-best,
 Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at rest?

Forward, then ; but still remember how the course of time will
 swerve,
 Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward-streaming
 curve.

Not the Hall to-night, my grandson ! Death and Silence
 hold their own.
 Leave the master in the first dark hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic
 squire,
 Kindly landlord, boon companion — youthful jealousy is a
 liar. 240

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your
 brain ;
 Let the trampled serpent show you that you have not lived in
 vain.

Youthful ! youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower
 school,
 Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village — Art and Grace are less
 and less :
 Science grows and Beauty dwindles — roofs of slated hideous-
 ness !

There is one old hostel left us where they swing the Locksley
 shield,
 Till the peasant cow shall butt the ' lion passant ' from his field.

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry, passing
hence,

In the common deluge drowning old political common
sense !

250

Poor old voice of eighty crying after voices that have fled !
All I loved are vanish'd voices, all my steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.

In this hostel — I remember — I repent it o'er his grave —
Like a clown — by chance he met me — I refused the hand
he gave.

From that casement where the trailer mantles all the mouldering
bricks —

I was then in early boyhood, Edith but a child of six —

While I shelter'd in this archway from a day of driving
showers —

Peep't the winsome face of Edith, like a flower among the
flowers.

260

Here to-night ! the Hall to-morrow, when they toll the chapel
bell !

Shall I hear in one dark room a wailing, ' I have loved thee
well.'

Then a peal that shakes the portal — one has come to claim
his bride,

Her that shrank and put me from her, shriek'd and started
from my side —

Silent echoes ! You, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day,
Move among your people, know them, follow him who led
the way,

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and
drain'd the fen,

Hears he now the voice that wrong'd him? who shall swear it
cannot be?

Earth would never touch her worst, were one in fifty such
as he. 270

Ere she gain her heavenly-best a God must mingle with the
game;

Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor
name,

Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers
of Ill,

Strowing balm or shedding poison in the fountains of the will.

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest human nature is divine.

Follow light and do the right — for man can half control his
doom —

Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the past.
I that loathed have come to love him. Love will conquer at
the last. 280

Gone at eighty, mine own age, and I and you will bear the
pall;

Then I leave thee lord and master, latest lord of Locksley
Hall.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Bayne, Mr. Peter Bayne's *Lessons from My Masters* (Amer. ed., 1879).

Cf. (*confer*), compare.

Fol., following.

Id. (*idem*), the same.

Imp. Dict., Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary* (Century Co.'s ed., New York, 1883).

P. L., Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Prol., prologue.

Tainsh, Mr. E. C. Tainsh's *Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson* (London, 1868).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood.
The line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition.

NOTES.



ENOCH ARDEN.

Enoch Arden was published in 1864, and has been one of the most successful of the poet's works.

1 *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1864 (vol. 96, p. 557) says of it: "*Enoch Arden* is a true idyl. . . . It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or the pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits, but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. It fulfils, so far as we understand them, the conditions of the modern Idyl; which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be short. Such notably (to take examples from the Laureate's earlier poems) are *The Gardener's Daughter* and *Dora*, with their sweet English landscapes and true and tender feeling. Similar idyls abound in Wordsworth's poems; but had he undertaken such a tale as *Enoch Arden*, we feel certain he would have left our last condition unfulfilled. . . . Now, one thing especially to be praised in *Enoch Arden* is the conciseness with which the poet tells his story. He indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand, there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which

occur in the narrative; on the other, there is no hurry in its march, and no excessive compression of any of its portions. These are excellences which it seems, to the inexperienced, easy to reach; the like may be their judgment on the smooth flow of the verse of the poem; and perchance some of our young friends may think that to write thus is no very difficult attainment. We only answer, let them try. It is well known that easy writing proves very hard reading. There is no doubt that the converse of this is true, and that, mostly, easy reading has been very hard writing. But art's true triumph is to make the reader insensible to the labor which it has cost. That expended on *Enoch Arden* effects this so completely as to require, and well repay, very close attention.

"Amongst other things, we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate; and it seems the more worth pointing out, because its necessary unobtrusiveness makes it liable to pass unnoticed. . . .

"The few superstitions which still linger amongst us form no part of any recognized creed, and are not openly acknowledged even by those who hold them. It was different for the tragic poet who represented witches in the days when trials for witchcraft were of common occurrence; or for him who made his whole tragedy turn on an oracle's fulfilment when men still went to consult Apollo at Delphi. And even those poets took good care not to strike lowly heads with these awful lightnings; to reserve their chief supernatural terrors for the fates of chieftains and kings. In a poem like *Enoch Arden*, it would be an unpardonable error to give foreshadowings of the future anything like the place held by the words of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, or by the oracle's responses in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Mr. Tennyson has been so far from committing this mistake that he scarcely calls the reader's attention to his prophecies, and not at all to their accomplishment. It is for this reason that we are particular in remarking them. They are of three sorts — unconscious predictions, presentiments, and dreams.

"The first unconscious prophecy occurs at the beginning of the poem. Its destined heroine, Annie, says to her two boy-playmates, in her childish ignorance, that 'she would be little wife to both of them.' Wife to both her fate dooms her to be. The second is uttered later on, when her first husband tells her of the long voyage he means to undertake; and she exclaims, after vainly trying to dissuade him from it,

"Well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."
"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours."

In that most touching scene near the close of the poem, when Enoch shrouded in the darkness without, gazes on his lost wife through the window, his *own* words come true; when, on his deathbed, he kindly says of her,

"She must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life,"

he causes the fulfilment of *hers*. In the next place, we have Annie's presentiments. Her husband's tools, as they sound for the last time

in their house, strike her ear as if raising 'her own death-scaffold.' And when, after she has long mourned him as dead, she marries again, we read :

'So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.'

And, besides prediction and presentiment, we have Annie's mysterious dream, which (according to her own interpretation) justifies her second marriage. . . . She beholds Enoch seated 'Under a palm-tree, over him the sun;' as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding-bells is so soon to torment his ear. But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife. In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations :

"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'"

And the last obstacle to her marriage with Philip is removed.

"Now, these foreshadowings of the future may be believed or disbelieved at pleasure. Men may regard them as a guardian angel's warnings. They may equally consider them as mere singular coincidences. Their ancient credit yet survives to some extent. Of old men have echoed a chance word — spoken with one intent, caught up with another — as an unerring and divine direction ; and even now few comparatively attach no weight whatever to dreams and presentiments. Especially would such a woman as Annie think her own of importance. We may be sure that, after she knew the truth, she would often dwell on their mysterious meaning, and on how she had failed to apprehend it until too late. And thus these judicious touches of the supernatural make the tale in which they occur seem additionally *natural* and lifelike.

"But if the Laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetic embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. The grandest and most poetical book in the English language lies as open to the poor as to the rich, and is often more deeply pondered by the former than by the latter. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in *Enoch Arden* are those in which the Holy Scripture is reverently quoted. Not to refer again to Annie's dream, how fine, for instance, are the quotations from the Bible in Enoch's homely farewell to her! —

'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything ship-shape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear

*Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His,
The sea is His : He made it.*

Who can fail to notice how the way in which the sailor's voice, resting on the pause in the psalm he had weekly chanted, symbolizes, as nothing else could do, his soul's repose on the, to him, all-consoling truth which it contains ?

"Curious felicities of expression of this sort occur often in the poem. We mean words which exactly render the thought, so arranged that their sound echoes, or forms a musical accompaniment to it. Of this the lines describing Annie's second marriage (quoted above) are an instance. The wedding-bells *ring* in the first two lines. Those which succeed run heavily with the weight of foreboding which they carry. Of the same sort is the description of the death of Annie's little one :

'Howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul fitted away.'

The idea of life escaping like a bird is indeed old, as most beautiful ideas are ;¹ but the music of the lines (the hurried rhythm of the last one denoting the mother's anxiety, its abrupt conclusion how the little heart suddenly ceases to beat, and then the pause after it betokening the mother's sorrow) is Mr. Tennyson's own."²

The *Quarterly Review* for January, 1866 (vol. 119, p. 58), remarks : "The poem of *Enoch Arden* . . . bears evident marks of being a cherished work, perfected by untiring and affectionate care. In point of execution it ranks with *Elaine* and *Guinevere*, and in point of story it ranks with those domestic idyls for which Mr. Tennyson is so justly celebrated, and the subjects of which seem so well fitted to his genius. . . . To read once or twice only a work so careful and so beautiful, is an actual wrong to the author, the very perfection of whose art lies in the chastened reserve and elusive delicacy of his touches. The opening scene of the poem is laid in a fishing village, a quaint, self-contained little port, whose counterpart may be found in many a bay on the east-

¹ "Thou, as a bird escapes, art vanished from me,
Gone with o'er-hasty leap to Hades down"

(Euripides, *Hipp.* 829).

² The "fitting" soul recalls to our mind Mr. Merivale's admirable translation of the dying emperor's address to his own. We may earn some reader's thanks by quoting it here :

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca —
Pallidula, rigida, nudula —
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos ?"

"Soul of mine, pretty one, fitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away —
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one —
Never to play again, never to play ?"

ward coast of England. The first lines, which set this scene before us, are so simple, the effect of them is so complete, and the separate touches so firm, that condensation is impossible :

‘ Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder’d church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower’d mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.’

We ask attention here, not to the direct purpose of the description alone, but also to the fine craft by which these opening lines are made to serve the unity of the piece. Out of the chord thus struck, every future change will flow, and no unmeaning note is found within it. Ever in our minds will be the sea and its power, with the life of rest upon the limit of it. There will be also the church with its memories, its giving in marriage, and its gathering of the dead together in hope ; and there again the mill, and high in heaven behind the gray and breezy down, which with the sea gave strength and breadth to the hearts of those who lived upon them, and whose hazel-wood, in its cuplike hollow, resounded to their childish mirth, and was the kindly shelter of the passions of their stronger years. Here a hundred years ago three children of three homes . . . played upon the shore ; and here with exquisite feeling the poet makes them playing out day by day the mimic symbols of their future life—castles of sand dissolving in the tide, strings of little footprints daily washed away ; and the house-keeping in the cave, when each in turn would marry Annie Lee, with their strivings for her, her little sorrows in their strife, and her promise to be ‘little wife to both.’ Thus grew up their loves. . . .

“We would pause here for a moment to point out the skill and judgment which Mr. Tennyson has shown in giving intensity and sinew to the passion of his tale by the slight leaven of a Puritan faith. The want of moral grandeur in modern life is one of the chief difficulties with which a modern poet has to deal ; nor can he longer fill this want by use of those supernatural systems which are now fitly called ‘machineries.’ This difficulty the Laureate has successfully evaded by laying the scene of his action in a secluded fishing port, where a stern creed had grown up under the changeful northern sky and the mysterious perils of the sea ; and where the traditional superstitions of a sailor life were woven in with an intense and living belief handed down from a Puritan ancestry. The occasional use of supernatural means, such as Annie’s dream, so falls evenly upon the reader’s mind, and certain superstitious observances are justified ; while a moral sublimity is also gained which gives depth and unity to the tone of the poem. . . .

“We have reviewed this poem at some length, because we look upon it as among the best of the poet’s works. Taking all its merits into consideration, we think that no other of his poems can reach above it. It has length enough to show sustained effort ; the story is dramatic, and told with a simple and complete effect ; and the parts are, first of

all, in perfect subordination to the whole and to one another ; secondly, are beautiful in themselves. . . .

"One more beauty, too, there is which must not pass unseen—that is, the dramatic unity which the author (whose men and women are often too vague) here gains by contrast of his characters. As he has avoided all prolix sentiment in his situations, so has he kept his canvas free from all the accidental personages who would have broken up the leading masses of his groups. With a statuesque beauty, Annie, the third, forms a link which binds in opposition Enoch and Philip, two characters of finely contrasted temper, which contrast is marvellously worked out as each passes into the fortune of the other. Enoch, early thrown upon his own resources, intense in feeling, resolute and disdainful of gentler men; Philip, well-to-do, not driven to energy by want, beginning life in gentle care for others, losing his holiday in nutting-time—his father being sick and needing him—and yielding still a higher sacrifice of all, his hope in love: Enoch, brought then to live as Philip did, reft of his love and bound to inactivity, and lastly yielding all in a noble self-repulsé, which a nature so intense as his could only have achieved; Philip meanwhile drawn slowly into action by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve. With Philip's sacrifice the scenes begin; with Enoch's sacrifice they end. We are sorry to be unable to leave *Enoch Arden* without an explicit declaration of its sound morality. A cry which must have arisen among those 'in whom all evil fancies cling like serpent eggs together,' has proclaimed that *Enoch Arden* is immoral. The readers of the *Quarterly Review* know well that we never have been seduced by broken lights, however picturesque, from allegiance to the chastened radiance of moral purity; but need we longer stay to show that all this poem has its very being in self-forgetfulness and tender purity of hope and will? We think no generous reader will say otherwise; but we ourselves are anxious here to say it, as Mr. Tennyson is of that chosen few who have held the proud honor of never uttering one single line which an English mother once would wish unwritten, or an English girl would wish unread; and in those (we hope) far distant days, when many memories begin to gather round his heart, this will be the dearest of them all."

[For other reviews of the poem, see *North British Review*, vol. 41, p. 231 (reprinted in *Eclectic Magazine*, vol. 63, p. 310); *British Quarterly Review*, vol. 40, p. 463; *Westminster Review*, vol. 82, p. 396; *London Quarterly Review*, vol. 23, p. 153; and *Chambers's Journal*, vol. 41, p. 620.]

1. *Long lines of cliff*, etc. On this opening description, see p. 125 above.

4. *Moulder'd*. The passive form is more expressive than *mouldering* would be: *gone* to decay, not *going*.

6. *Down*. A sandy hill originally thrown up by the sea, such as may be seen at many points on our own coast.

7. *Barrows*. Sepulchral mounds, common in Great Britain, especially in the counties of Wilts and Dorset. Some of them are supposed to be older than the Roman conquest; others, as here, are ascribed to the

time of the *Danish*, or Scandinavian, incursions. Barrow-burial appears to have prevailed from a remote antiquity down to about the 8th century. The aboriginal "mounds" of the Mississippi valley are largely of a similar character. Cf. *Tithonus*, 71 below.

8. *By autumn nulters*, etc. This line is somewhat harsh for Tennyson, as the reader who gives every word its full enunciation will perceive.

16-18. *Among the waste*, etc. Bayne remarks: "The literal accuracy of these lines is almost comical. Go to Deal and you will see precisely such a shore"—and so at many a small New England port.

17. *Swarthy*. From exposure to the sea and the weather.

32. *The helpless wrath of tears*. A good example of Tennyson's felicitous condensation of phrase.

54. *Full sailor*. Or what we call an "able seaman."

55. *From the dread sweep*, etc. An admirably graphic line.

59. *Neat and nestlike*. A good example of alliteration in a pair of words—as much as we can usually tolerate nowadays. The "cruel crafty crocodile" of Spenser and the like, so common in Elizabethan poetry, are too artificial for our modern taste. The reader will remember how Shakespeare burlesques the alliterative extravagance of his time in the verses put into the mouths of Bottom and his crew in the *M. N. D.*; as, for example:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast," etc.

67. *Just where the prone edge*, etc. Where, on the slope, the trees gave way to low shrubbery.

71. *All-kindled by a still and sacred fire*, etc. "How could the high devotion of Enoch's love be brought more strikingly before us than in these few words!" (*Quarterly Rev.*).

81. *And merrily ran the years*, etc. The music of the wedding-bells seems to run on into the happy years of married life that follow.

96. *The market-cross*. The old Gothic cross which was set up in the centre of the market-place in English towns, and which, in some of them, has survived to our day.

98. *The portal-warding lion-whelp*. The lion in the coat-of-arms sculptured above the gate, and apparently *warding*, or guarding, it.

99. *Peacock-yewtree*. A yew trimmed into the form of the bird, after the artificial style of gardening formerly in vogue.

112. *A grave and staid God-fearing man*. See p. 125 above. Bayne also remarks: "Very notable is the stress which the poet lays upon the religion of Enoch. This is an entirely different thing from the virtue of Dickens's poor men, which, except for an enthusiasm about Christmas, dependent chiefly on roast turkey and plum-pudding, has no more connection with Christianity than with the gods of Homer." Bayne is a Scotchman, and Dickens's Christianity is certainly not of the strict Scotch type.

131. *Isles a light in the offing*. The cloud on the horizon seems like an island with the light upon it.

142. *Voyage*. Metrically a dissyllable, as in 190 and 651 below. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 220: "Omitted, all the voyage of their life," etc.

The word is oftener monosyllabic in modern verse, and even in Shakespeare.

174. *While Annie seem'd to hear*, etc. Cf. p. 122 above.

175. *Shrill'd*. Cf. *Sir Galahad*, 5: "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high." We have the transitive verb in *The Talking Oak*, 68: "And shrill'd his tinsel shaft."

196. *Nay—for I love him*, etc. This is said in reply to a look from Annie which we can see, though the poet does not describe it.

206. *As the village girl*, etc. The simile is most apt and exquisite.

211. *Well know I*, etc. Cf. p. 122 above.

220. *Keep everything ship-shape*. The critic in *Blackwood* "strongly objects" to this nautical phrase. He adds: "In real life men do not delight in the slang of the calling as much as books make them do—least of all in their solemn moments. We hope to see *ship-shape* omitted in future editions. But who can fail to admire the rest of the speech?"

The objection to *ship-shape* is hypercritical. The word is not "slang," but a nautical figure in keeping with the character, like "Will bring fair weather yet" in 191 above, etc.

For the scriptural allusions in the passage, see *Ps.* xcv. 5, cxxxix. 9, *Heb.* vi. 19, and 1 *Peter*, v. 7.

267–269. *After a lingering*, etc. See p. 124 above. The *Quarterly Rev.* says of this passage: "Wonderful as are many of Mr. Tennyson's descriptive rhythms, perhaps none have shown such marvellous and subtle skill as these three lines, which, catching the reader 'ere he is aware' by their quickened flight and the sudden hurry of their cadence, leave him with parted lips."

326. *Garth*. Garden. Cf. *Princess*, ii. 209:

"Than in a clapper clapping in a garth
To scare the fowl from fruit."

340. *Whistled*. The verb is aptly chosen to express the sound of the mill.

363. *Like the working-bee*, etc. A simile equally graphic and beautiful.

370. *Just where*, etc. Cf. 67 above.

383. *When, like a wounded life*, etc. Cf. 75 above.

491. *Then desperately seized the holy Book*, etc. A favorite mode of divination among the ancients was that of *stichomancy*, or by lines of poetry. A number of verses were selected from a poet, mixed together in an urn, and one drawn out at random from which the good or evil fortune was inferred. The *Æneid* of Virgil came to be especially used for this purpose, and hence the name *Sortes Virgilianæ* subsequently given to the method. After the introduction of Christianity the Bible was used in a similar way, the book being opened at random, as here by Annie, and the first passage touched by the finger or catching the eye being taken as the response of the oracle. The custom was in vogue among the Puritans, and still lingers among the common people in England and Scotland.

494. *Under the palm-tree*. See *Judges*, iv. 5. The 1st ed. had "Under a palm-tree"—a slip which was noted in *Blackwood*.

502. *Hosanna in the highest!* See *Matt.* xxi. 9, *Mark*, xi. 10, *John*, xii. 13; and for the *Sun of Righteousness*, *Mal.* iv. 2.

507. *So these were wed*, etc. See p. 123 above.

523. *Prosperously sail'd*, etc. The ten lines that follow are remarkable as a word-picture of the vicissitudes of the voyage — the rough seas of the Bay of Biscay, the smooth sailing before the tropical trade-winds on either side of the African continent, and the variable weather about the Cape of Good Hope. The description of the *home-voyage* just below is no less admirable. Tennyson excels in his sea-pictures. Perhaps the best of them all is in *The Voyage* (see our *Young People's Tennyson*, p. 51); in which, by the way, we have a counterpart to the "full-busted figure-head" in the lines,

"The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale."

568. *The mountain wooded*, etc. *Blackwood*, after referring to the "curious felicities of expression" in the poem (see p. 124 above), remarks: "There is another secret of the Laureate's strength — one which has been often pointed out before — observable in the poem we are considering: the way in which he suits his background of landscape to the figures in his foreground, and so pictures the aspects of nature as seen by a human eye and felt by a human heart; whose joys they reflect by their brightness, or trouble with apprehension by their gloom; whose sorrows they soften by their mute sympathy, or increase by the seeming mockery of sharp and violent contrast. Such is the effect of this description of 'the beauteous hateful isle,' which holds the humble Ulysses of the tale so long a prisoner [568-595]. How pitilessly must these glories have seemed to mock the solitary captive's anguish! How natural it is that visions of home should haunt his loneliness, presenting to him things most unlike his present abode: —

"the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming dawns,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas!"

580. *The league-long roller*, etc. A fine onomatopoeic line, yet scarcely more noteworthy than many another in the context.

594. *The hollower-bellowing ocean*. The roar of its waves seeming deeper in the stillness of night.

597. *The golden lizard*. The shyest of animals, darting away at the slightest hint of motion in anything near it.

604. *The peacock-yewtree*. Cf. 99 above.

609-617. *Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears*, etc. The *Quarterly Rev.* remarks: "How well is the unity of interest kept up by this simple infusion of a supernatural sympathy — a sympathy used by other imaginative writers with similar success, as by Hawthorne in *Transformation*,¹ and by Miss Brontë in *Jane Eyre*!" Cf. *Aylmer's Field*, 578:

"Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?"

¹ The name under which *The Marble Faun* is published in England.

619. *The sunny and rainy seasons.* The designation of time is appropriate to his tropical home.

635. *Muttering and mumbling*, etc. The *Quarterly Rev.* says here : "Arden, all due allowance made, must have passed at least full seven years of solitary life upon his isle; and it is a serious question whether any human being, much more a man of his intensity of nature, could have passed through this ordeal and kept his wits. The awful consequences of much shorter periods of utter solitude are well known, although we admit, on the other hand, that in the present state of psychology it is difficult to pronounce either way with certainty. We have little science to guide us, but against the imaginative insight of Mr. Tennyson we have the declaration of Wordsworth (*Excursion*, book iv.) that

'the innocent sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning; there — there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroyed.'"

But Wordsworth is not really "against" Tennyson, for he only says that the sufferer "often" becomes insane — which is unquestionably true; and, as the reviewer himself admits, even scientific men do not settle the question either way. The poet may therefore claim the benefit of the doubt in Enoch's case.

Although the poor fellow has not lost his wits, he has lost the power of speech, and recovers it only by degrees. Tennyson's "imaginative insight" is doubtless true to nature in this, and we are willing to believe it so in the rest.

638. *Sweet water.* Fresh water; like the "*dulces aquae*" of Virgil (*Æn.* i. 167). Cf. 799 below.

640. *Whom, when their casks were filled*, etc. The use of the relative here is a Latinism.

651. *Voyage.* See on 142 above.

657. *Her ghostly wall.* Apparently alluding to the chalk-cliffs of the southern coast, not, as might perhaps be supposed, to the shadowy, insubstantial look of any coast when first descried far away.

665. *His home.* This seems to be in apposition with *homeward*, and = to his home. We follow the pointing of the English editions.

667. *Either haven.* The one where he had landed, and that in which his native village lay. Cf. 102 above.

671. *Holt.* Wood or woodland. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 191: "Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt." *Tilth* is here = tilled land, as in *Princess*, i. 109: "by tilth and grange." Cf. also Milton, *P. L.* xi. 430:

"His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New-reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds."

The picture here, as *Blackwood* observes, "derives its significance from resemblance," as that in 568 fol. above "from contrast;" for "the sea-fog which swallows up the sunshine is emblematic of the disappointment which awaits the bright hopes of Enoch's return."

688. *A front of timber-croft antiquity.* That is, in the "half-timbered" style of domestic architecture, of which one sees so many examples in the old English towns.

696. *Good and garrulous.* See on 59 above.

712. *Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'* *Blackwood* remarks: "We may briefly record our admiration for the sustained power and absence of maudlin sensibility with which the last scenes of *Enoch Arden* are put before us. They are very pathetic; and they are never foolishly sentimental. The way in which Enoch is stunned by the news of his wife's second marriage; his longing to see her, and assure himself that she is happy; the picture of peace and comfort *within* Philip's house, which throws into stronger relief the anguish of the wretched husband and father as he stands *without*; Enoch's grand (if not strictly just) self-sacrifice, as, recovering from the shock of *seeing* what only to *hear* of had been woe sufficient, he repeats his resolution to himself. 'Not to tell *her*, never to let her know:' all these things in the hands of a French writer, aiming at the *déchirant* and the *larmoyant*, would have been morbidly painful. Mr. Tennyson so tells them that they elevate our minds by the sight of a spirit refining to its highest perfection in the purgatorial fires of earth."

Bayne observes that "in *Enoch Arden* Tennyson deals with a subject which might have had charms for Crabbe, but Crabbe would have loaded the shadows too much; in Tennyson's handling the poem is sad but not painful. The hero, Enoch Arden, is beyond rivalry the principal personage in the tale, and his heroism is at once of the loftiest and simplest order. He is an unlucky man, but invincible: his brain is ordinary; morally he is sublime. His duty, however hard, is always clear to him; and, without any consciousness that he is acting heroically, he always proves equal to it. Harder duty, however, has seldom fallen to any man than his."

724. *As the beacon-blaze allures*, etc. As the critic in *Blackwood* notes, the simile, like sundry others in the poem, is peculiarly appropriate in a tale that has to do with *sailor* life. Cf. 824 fol. below. For the present figure, cf. *Princess*, iv. 472:

"Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead."

728. *Latest.* The use of the word for *last* in order or position must be regarded as a poetic license. In prose it is used only of time.

733. *Shingle.* The coarse water-worn gravel of the seashore — a meaning as unfamiliar in this country as that of wooden roof-covering is in England.

744. *Loftier.* Used for the sake of the alliteration.

747. *Rear'd his creasy arms.* The adjective is pictorial. For the verb, cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. i. 30: "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand," etc.

799. *Like fountains of sweet water in the sea.* Cf. 638 above. For the appropriateness of the figure here, cf. note on 724 above.

803. *Enow*. This old form of *enough* is still used in various provincial dialects of England. Shakespeare has it some ten times, but always as a plural. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 24: "We were Christians enow before;" and *Id.* iv. 1. 29:

"Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
Enow to press a royal merchant down."

808. *An alms*. Though *alms* is a true singular, we have come to avoid the use of *an* with it, unless in a style somewhat archaic. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 164: "it were an alms to hang him," etc. For a modern parallel, see Lowell, *Sir Launfal*, part ii. 4: "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms."

824. *For sure no gladlier*, etc. See on 724 above.

843. *Mind*. Remember; another provincialism. Cf. 803 above.

866. *Bairns*. This is also used in the dialects of the North of England as well as in Scotland. We find the form *barn* or *barne* three times in Shakespeare: *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 49 (where there is a play upon the word): "if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns;" *All's Well*, i. 3. 28: "they say barnes are blessings;" and *W. T.* iii. 3. 70: "Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne!" Harrison, in his *Description of England* (A. D. 1577), says: "the common sort doo call their male children *barnes* here in England, especiallie in the North countrie, where that word is yet accustomed in use," etc.

870. *Woman, disturb me not*, etc. "The dying man's last victory over selfishness (when, forbidding the woman to fetch his children, he sends to them and to his wife the loving messages which it might grieve them too much to hear from his own lips) bespeaks not merely our pity for him, but our reverence. There is also something profoundly sad in the way in which that desolate heart, after half-claiming back the living children, feels that, in real fact, only the dead little one is left it" (*Blackwood*).

899. *That once again*, etc. Her very volubility making him fear that she might not keep to the promise.

908. *And spoke no more*. And here the critic of *Blackwood*, like others of his class, thinks that the poem should have ended: "What need to tell us that the noble fisherman was strong and heroic, when the poet has just completed his fine delineation of his strength and heroism? . . . The costly funeral sounds an impertinent intrusion. We cannot doubt for a moment that Philip gave honorable burial to the man whom he had so deeply, though so unwittingly, wronged. But the atonement is such a poor one that it looks like a mockery; and we would rather hear nothing of it. Why disturb in our minds the image which what went before had left there? — the humble bed on which the form, so often tempest-tossed, reposes in its last sleep; the white face, serene in death, waiting for the kisses which it might not receive in life."

The poet may, however, have felt that such an ending, though perhaps more rhetorically effective, was less in keeping with the simplicity of the narrative. This ends, as it began, like a plain story of humble village life; and the costly funeral — something more than mere "honorable burial," a loving tribute to the sailor hero rather than a poor

attempt at "atonement" for the wrong he had suffered — is, after all if we let our imaginations fill out the picture of which the poet gives this single hint, a most touching and most appropriate conclusion.

To the critical comments on the poem already cited, we may add that of Mr. E. C. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets* (p. 181): "*Enoch Arden*, in sustained beauty, bears a relation to his shorter pastorals similar to that existing between the epic and his minor heroic-verse. Coming within the average range of emotions, it has been very widely read. This poem is in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean, — finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes. In study of a class below him, hearts 'centred in the sphere of common duties,' the Laureate is unsurpassed."

Nor can we refrain from quoting one more tribute to the poem — that of Mr. George William Curtis in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1864 (vol. 29. p. 676): "The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title *Wakefield*, of a man withdrawing from his home and severing himself for many years from his family, yet stealing to the windows in the darkness to see wife and children, and the changes time works in his familiar circle, is reproduced in *Enoch Arden*, except that the separation is involuntary, and the unbetrayed looking in upon the change of years is not a mere psychological diversion but an act of the highest moral heroism. Indeed, the tale is profoundly tragical, and like the last Idyl of the King is a rare tribute to the master passion of the human heart. It is not the most subtle selfishness, whispers the poet; it is the perfection of self-denial. Xavier de Maistre says that the Fornarina loved her love more than her lover. Not so loved Raphael's Madonna have loved. Not so loved Enoch Arden. There is no nobler tale of true love than his.

"It is told with that consummate elegance in which Tennyson has no peer. The English language has a burnished beauty in his use of it which is marvellous. In his earlier verses it was too dainty, too conspicuously fastidious, and the words were chosen too much for themselves and their special suggestions and individual melody. But his mastery of them now is manly. It is as striking as Milton's, although entirely different. There are a Miltonic and a Tennysonian blank verse in English literature — is there any other? . . .

"This volume, with all the others of Tennyson, are an invaluable study to every literary aspirant and neophyte; for as his poems are the most striking illustrations of the fondness of the literary spirit of the age for the most gorgeous verbiage, so they are the most noble examples of a luxuriant tendency constantly restrained and tempered by the truest taste. He has gained severity and simplicity without losing richness, and force without losing fire. Literature is not the record of thought only — it is thought *and* the vehicle of thought. Gold is very precious; but gold carved by Benvenuto is priceless."

AYLMER'S FIELD.

THIS poem was first published with *Enoch Arden* in 1864, but was less favorably received than the latter by the English critics, on account of what *Blackwood* calls "Tennyson's old infelicity in dealing with the higher orders." That reviewer also finds fault with the construction of the story: "The incidents are somewhat trite, and its characters more than somewhat improbable. Its heroine is a model of every Christian virtue; yet she deceives her father, and carries on a clandestine correspondence with her lover. Her pastor is an excellent clergyman; yet when two of his parishioners seek the sanctuary for the first time after their daughter's death, he seizes the opportunity to preach publicly against them — an act surely unbefitting the pulpit of any period or of any country, but simply impossible in that of a decent rector in the decorous Church of England of the eighteenth century. . . . Averill's sermon doubtless contains what a man, situated as he was, could not help thinking; but no less certainly what a gentleman and a Christian would, when the mischief was done and the punishment had fallen, have scrupulously refrained from publicly expressing. Why pour the molten lead of those fierce denunciations into wounds yet deeper than his own? Why smite those afresh whom God had smitten so terribly already? The preacher, arising from his own desolate hearth, like a prophet of old, to denounce the crime which has laid it waste, is unquestionably a grandly tragic figure. But a deeper sense of the proprieties of character might have enabled its possessor to attain this fine effect without that perilous approach to the unreal and to the theatrical, by which, as it appears to us, it has been purchased in the present instance."

The *Quarterly Review* says of the poem: "Full of wonderful beauty in places, and written throughout as Mr. Tennyson alone can write, we must, by the standard of his former work, pronounce it a comparative failure. The story does not bear the marks of such careful thought, in its design, nor in the grouping of its parts. After the simple and clear effect of *Enoch Arden*, *Aylmer's Field* gives an uncertain impression, and wants a like repose. Nor is there the same continuous unfolding of probabilities in the action, nor the same pure and noble feeling in the persons. . . . Sir Aylmer is drawn with no kindly insight; he is a stupid ruffian, and being so is no type of an English gentleman. His wife is a mere shadow upon the page, and the author writes throughout more in the spirit of a radical pamphleteer than of the poet laureate."

Peter Bayne, on the other hand, remarks: "*Aylmer's Field* seems to me the companion picture to *Locksley Hall*. It is one of the most tragic of Tennyson's pieces — one of the saddest, sternest, and I might almost add mightiest, poems in the world. In *Locksley Hall* we see desecrated affection making two persons unhappy; in *Aylmer's Field* the blight is more deadly and more comprehensive. I know nothing of Tennyson's in which the moral earnestness is so prophet-like as in this great poem.

With all the might of his genius in its maturity, he pours a molten torrent of indignation and of scorn upon that pride which is, perhaps, the central vice of England, that pride which displays itself in many ways — in pride of birth, in pride of gold, in pride of insular superiority, and which is always desolating and deadly. Pride, in this instance, trampling love under its feet, provides exquisite pain for all the chief personages in the poem, and obliterates two ancient families from the face of the earth. . . .

"In this poem Tennyson has reaped the highest honor man can attain, namely, that of adding to the Scripture of his country; nor should I think it a much less dark or pernicious error than the pride which caused all this woe, to hold that the Almighty could speak only through or to Jewish seers, and that there is no true inspiration in such writing as this."

1. *Dust are our frames*, etc. "Briefly, in stern, compact enunciation, the moral thesis or text of the poem is stated in the opening lines" (Bayne).

3. *Like that long-buried body*, etc. Tennyson undoubtedly refers to the opening of an Etruscan tomb at the ancient city of Tarquinii, near Corneto, in Italy. The discovery was made by Carlo Avvolta, a native of Corneto, and was the first that directed the attention of archæologists to this interesting necropolis, in which more than two thousand sepulchres have since been explored. While digging into a tumulus for stones to mend a road, Signor Avvolta broke into the tomb of an Etruscan Lucumo or prince. "I beheld," he says, "a warrior stretched on a couch of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes, for as the atmosphere entered the sepulchre, the armor, thoroughly oxidized, crumbled away into most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch." The golden crown worn by the dead prince was so fragile that all but a small portion of it crumbled into dust on its way to Rome.

The simile is singularly apt and impressive here.

6. *Slipt into ashes*. A good illustration of the poet's felicity in the choice of words.

12. *And been himself a part of what he told*. A reminiscence of Æneas's "quorum pars magna fui" (*Æn.* ii. 6).

13. *That almighty man*, etc. The *Quarterly* critic is troubled by this, and asks: "Now what do we gain by this profanation of words which immemorial usage has consecrated to one purpose only? They overweight by their exaggeration the satire they were designed to point."

15. *The family tree*. A "genealogical tree" is not unfrequently represented as springing from the prostrate body of its royal or noble founder.

17. *Wyvern*. A dragon-like creature common in heraldry, and evidently a prominent figure in the Aylmer arms.

19. *Swang*. An old form of the past tense, used by the poet nowhere else, so far as we are aware. He is fond of the occasional introduction of these archaic forms, like *brake*, *sware*, *shore* (= sheared), etc.

27. *A faded beauty of the Baths*. Once a belle at the fashionable watering-places.

31. *A land of hops.* A common crop, in the south of England, especially in Kent and Sussex. The red *poppies* growing wild in the wheat-fields are familiar to every one who has travelled in England.

39. *An immemorial intimacy.* The phrase is repeated in 136 below.

44. *Sons of men*, etc. Cf. *Gen.* vi. 2.

48. *Have also set his many-shielded tree.* That is, have claimed a noble ancestry.

50. *When the red rose*, etc. In the times of the Wars of the Roses. Cf. 455 below.

53. *Not proven.* A Scottish law phrase. *Proven* is an illegitimate form (as *approven* or *reproven* would be), and should not be used except in this technical expression.

65. *Islet.* Spot of red.

72. *Like a mystic star*, etc. Cf. *1 Cor.* xv. 41.

82. *Decad.* The spelling *decade* is more common in this country, though the analogy of *triad*, *pentad*, etc. favors the other.

90. *Fairy footings.* The "fairy rings," or circles on the grass supposed to be made by the elves in their nightly dances. Cf. Shakespeare, *Temp.* v. i. 36:

"You demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites."

Dr. Grey (*Notes on Shakespeare*) says they "are higher, sourer, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows around them." They were long a mystery even to scientific men. Priestley (1767) ascribed them to the effects of lightning; Pennant (1776) and others, to the burrowing of moles, by which the soil was loosened and made more productive; and Wollaston (1807) to the spreading of a kind of *agaricum*, or fungus, which enriches the ground by its decay. This last explanation is now known to be the correct one.

92. *Mare's-tail.* A plant (*Hippuris vulgaris*), native to Britain, but common in other temperate and cold regions. "It is a tall erect plant, with whorls of narrow leaves and inconspicuous flowers which are also whorled."

93. *The tiny pitted target.* Like the dandelion, gone to seed, which looks like a small target in which feathered arrows from all directions have stuck.

97. *Boyish histories*, etc. Such as Tennyson and his brothers used to make up when they were boys. See our *Young People's Tennyson*, pp. 87, 88.

102. *The music of the moon.* The reviewer in *Blackwood* says, somewhat hypercritically: "We do not think such an equivocal expression as 'the music of the moon,' so inevitably suggesting the 'music of the spheres,' should have been employed to designate that with which Philomel salutes the goddess of the night."

105. *Temple-eaten terms.* Terms spent as a law-student in the *Temple* in London.

110. *The tented winter-field.* The hop-field as it looks in winter when the poles are put together in tent-like stacks. The military figure is well carried out in the description of summer, when the poles are set

up again to support the vines that will cover them with garlands of ripened cones in autumn.

113. *When burr and bine were gather'd.* When the hops are gathered, and the *bine*, or twining stem, is removed from the poles to be used for manure or litter. *Bine*, which is so familiar a word in England, is rarely used in this country, though we have the compound *woodbine*.

116. *Phosphorescence.* Like that of the sea, which appears only when the surface is *broken* by waves or otherwise disturbed.

121. *Mighty courteous.* In the use of *mighty* there is something approaching to a play upon the word.

147. *Sallowy.* Bordered with *sallows*, or willows. The word is in none of the dictionaries.

152. *One that, summer-blanch'd,* etc. One whose walls were in summer all white with the profuse blossoms of the *traveller's joy* (*Clematis vitalba*), and in autumn covered partly with its feathery and silky tufts, partly with ivy. See also *The Golden Year*, 63. For the use of *parcel* in composition, cf. *parcel-gilt* in Shakespeare's *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 94: "a parcel-gilt goblet," etc.

155. *The warm-blue breathings.* The blue smoke. Cf. *The Princess*, vii. 201:

"azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee."

161. *Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens.* The reference is probably to Swedenborg, as a friend tells us who is better acquainted with the writings of that famous *Northern dreamer* than we are.

168. *For she —.* The subject is separated from the verb, *was adored*, by a parenthesis of ten lines.

171. *Sowing hedgerow texts.* After the manner of a "hedger-parson," or illiterate preacher.

182. *Proven.* See on 53 above.

191. *Swarthy faces.* His native Indian servants.

193. *The close ecliptic.* The tropical sun.

196. *A deedful day.* One of note in his military life.

202. *They.* That is, her *spirits*, or thoughts.

221. *Gold that branch'd itself,* etc. A good description of the exquisite Indian work in metal.

233. *The costly Sahib.* The *Blackwood* critic says: "We must own we are much puzzled to understand in what sense the Indian kinsman who presents Edith with the fatal dagger is called 'the costly Sahib.' A man who made such handsome gifts to his relatives was anything but costly to them; and large as may have been his pension, we cannot think the poet meant to allude to it as a burden on the East Indian Company." We wonder that the reviewer was not equally troubled by the *wealthy scabbard* three lines below, and that he did not suggest transposing the adjectives, like his brother Scotchman who was inclined to believe that Shakespeare really wrote (*A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 16):

"Stones in the running brooks,
Sermons in books," etc.

What would the prosaic fellow make of the similar use of *costly* in the *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 94?

"A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand," etc.

251. *Blues and reds*. The colors of rival political parties, like Whigs and Tories.

254. *The brush*. The fox's tail, the prize of the huntsman who is first in "at the death."

256. *Pock-pitten fellow*. Some poacher whom they have long been hoping to catch.

263. *This blacksmith border-marriage*. A "Gretna Green marriage." This Scotch village was the first convenient halting-place for runaway couples from England, who could be married here without the publication of bans and certain other formalities prescribed by the English law, nothing being required in Scotland but a mutual declaration of marriage in presence of witnesses — a ceremony which could be performed instantly, even in the case of minors. For some years a *blacksmith* was the person who officiated at these extempore marriages. Owing to changes in both the English and the Scotch laws, Gretna Green is no longer famous for such matches.

265. *That cursed France*, etc. It will be remembered that the time of the poem is supposed to be 1793 Cf. 464 and 760 fol. below.

277. *And Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd*. Acting on the neighbor's hint, though too haughty to let him know it.

280. *The Jephtha's daughter*. A prophetic picture here.

321. *The wind-hover*. A species of hawk (*Falco tinnunculus*), so called from its hovering in the wind, or *hanging in balance*, as here.

347. *He never yet had set his daughter forth*, etc. He had never seemed to be aiming at a mercenary marriage for her.

381. *Pheasant-lords*. Thinking of nothing higher than their game-preserves.

384. *Egbert*. The Saxon King of that name (800-837).

405. *Bee's-wing*. A peculiar film in port wine, so called from its resemblance to the wing of a bee. It is much esteemed by connoisseurs as a mark of age. Here it is put for the wine itself. *The waning red* in the next line is an allusion to the gradual change from red to a permanent brown which takes place in port wine.

428-431. *The rain of heaven*, etc. The complimentary "pretty" of *Blackwood* is "faint praise" for this fine passage. The *Quarterly Rev.* says: "A bare repetition is almost as great an insult to the reader as the practice of printing a leading word in italic letter; but a repetition is always welcome which accomplishes the end of emphasis, and at the same time justifies itself to the reader's mind by some new involution or accumulation of feeling, as in these exquisite lines."

435-437. *The lawless science of our law*, etc. The labyrinthic complexity of English law is well described in these lines.

455. *The gardens of that rival rose*. The Temple Gardens on the banks of the Thames, as delightful a piece of greenery to-day as when (cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4) Plantagenet plucked the white rose there and Somerset the red.

463. *Ran a Malayan amuck.* Made a furious and indiscriminate attack; like those Malays who sometimes rush out in a frantic state with dagger in hand, yelling "Amuck! amuck!" and attacking all who come in their way. We often meet with the incorrect expression, *run a muck*; and the first reading of the text was "a Malayan muck."

464. *Had golden hopes for France,* etc. See on 265 above.

467. *Haled.* Hauled, dragged; as in *Princess*, iv. 252: "They haled us to the Princess where she sat," etc. Cf. *Luke*, xii. 58 and *Acts*, viii. 3.

473. *Benchers.* Senior members of an inn of court (or English law-school) and governors of the society.

490. *Wirer.* Poacher, using snares of wire to entrap the hares. The noun is not in the dictionaries.

509. *The brand of John.* That is, a mark burnt into the bark of the tree in the reign of King John, covered from view by bark growing for centuries but never adhering to the part branded, and finally disclosed by the falling-off of this outer growth. Major Rooke (quoted in *Notes and Queries* for Sept. 25, 1880) tells us that "in cutting down some timber in Birkland and Billagh, in Sherwood Forest, letters have been found cut or stamped in the body of the trees, denoting the King's reign in which they were so marked. The ciphers were of the reigns of James I., of William and Mary, and one of King John. The mark of John was eighteen inches within the tree, and something more than a foot from the centre; it was cut down in 1791." Several other instances of trees bearing "the brand of John" are cited by correspondents of the same journal.

516. *Burst his own wyvern.* The seal of the letters bore the Aylmer arms. See on 17 above.

529. *The black republic.* The flock of rooks. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 68: "the clanging rookery."

530. *Frothfly.* The word is in none of the dictionaries. *Fescue* is the name of many kinds of grass, belonging to the genus *Festuca*; like the *Festuca pratensis*, or "meadow fescue," *Festuca ovina*, or "sheep's fescue," etc.

533. *Minion.* Small, dainty. The line is like a pencil-sketch in words.

539. *Babyisms.* Lovers' baby-talk; perhaps a word of Tennyson's own coinage. The critic in *Blackwood* doubts whether the description is true to the time. He says: "In the last century letter-writing was a stately, grave, and formal thing, even amongst near relations. And we have no doubt that a gentleman of ancient family like Leolin, and the heiress of the good-breeding, though not of the pride, of the Aylmers, could write to one another without forgetting the established proprieties of their day."

548. *A keeper.* A game-keeper on the lookout for poachers.

560. *A Martin's summer.* The English equivalent of our "Indian summer," or the mild weather coming near Martinmas, or St. Martin's Day, the 11th of November. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 131: "Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days," etc.

571-573. *Like flies,* etc. "The simile is at once new and appropriate.

and the divine beauty of the exception stands out in stronger relief from the dark background" (*Blackwood*).

578. *May soul to soul*, etc. Cf. the illustrations of the same mysterious sympathy of souls widely sundered in *Enoch Arden*. See p. 129 above, note on 609-617.

585. *With a weird bright eye*, etc. The line should apparently be scanned thus: "With a weird | bright eye | sweating | and trem- | ble-ing;" making *trembling* a trisyllable, as many similar words are lengthened in Elizabethan poets. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 84: "O, how this spring of love *resembleth*;" *Cor.* i. 1. 159: "You, the great toe of this *assembly*," etc. See also Abbott's *Shakes. Gram.* § 477.

590. *Idioted*. The word is not in the dictionaries and is probably Tennyson's own.

595. *Edged with death*. That is, black-edged, as bearing news of a death.

609-613. *Darkly that day rose*, etc. "What day fitter for sorrow than one which derives its very brightness from decay!" (*Blackwood*).

618. *Their own gray tower or plain-faced tabernacle*. The neighboring church (of England) or chapel (of Dissenters). The people from the former, supposed to be of the better class, are "all in mourning;" while the humbler folk from the latter can afford only some bit of black as a badge of sorrow.

621. *One night*. All draped in black.

625. *His bent brows*. On entering the pulpit.

628. *The verse, Behold*, etc. See *Matt.* xxiii. 28, *Luke*, xiii. 35.

644. *Gash thyself, priest*, etc. Cf. 1 *Kings*, xviii. 28.

648. *The babe shall lead the lion*. Cf. *Isa.* xi. 6; and for the next line, *Isa.* xxxv. 1.

651. *No coarse and blockish god*, etc. Like the wooden image of Baäl.

664. *Leave all, and follow me*. See *Luke*, xviii. 22.

669. *Wonderful*, etc. See *Isa.* ix. 6.

671. *Not passing through the fire*, etc. As in the worship of Moloch. Cf. *Lev.* xviii. 21, 2 *Kings*, xxiii. 10, *Jer.* xxxii. 35, etc.

679. *Fairer than Rachel*, etc. See *Gen.* xxix. 1-11.

680. *Ruth among the fields of corn*. See *Ruth*, ii. 2 fol.

681. *The Angel*, etc. See *Luke*, i. 28.

698. *The hand that robed*, etc. Cf. 151 fol. above.

709. *Who still'd the rolling wave*, etc. See *Matt.* viii. 26, *Mark*, iv. 39, *Luke*, viii. 24.

716. *May wreck itself*, etc. Alluding to his brother's suicide, which he suggests may have been committed in a moment of frenzy and therefore without the guilt of deliberate self-murder.

724. *That knit themselves for summer-shadow*. That contract the brow instinctively in the glare of sunshine.

728. *Anger-charm'd from sorrow*. His wrath overpowering his grief, as if by a magic spell.

739. *O thou that stonest*, etc. See *Matt.* xxiii. 37, *Luke*, xiii. 34, xix. 42.

742. *In the waste*, etc. Like John the Baptist in the desert. See *Matt.* iii. 1, 2, etc.

759. *The twelve-divided concubine*. See *Judges*, xix. 29.

760. *Out yonder.* That is, in France. See on 265 above.

771. *Pharaoh's darkness*, etc. See *Gen.* x. 21 fol. and *Matt.* xxvii. 41, etc.

803. *The curtains of their seat.* Sir Aylmer, as the great man of the parish, evidently had a "state" pew, such as may be seen in many English churches to-day—that of Stratford-on-Avon, for instance—sometimes, as here, with short curtains above the sides.

823. *Finials.* The Gothic terminal ornaments of the heads of the pews.

824. *The lych-gate.* A churchyard gate with a porch under which a bier was formerly placed while the introductory part of the burial-service was read. It is also called a *corpse-gate*, which means the same, *lich* (A. S. *lic*) being an old word for a dead body. These gates are still to be seen in some parts of England.

842. *Retinue.* Accented on the second syllable, as in *Princess*, iii. 179: "Went forth in long retinue following up;" and *Guinevere*: "Of his and her retinue moving they." This is also the accent of Milton and Shakespeare in the only instances in which they use the word in verse. See our ed. of *Princess*, p. 164.

849. *The hawk's cast.* "Feathers, fur, or other indigestible matters ejected from the stomach by a hawk or other bird of prey" (*Imp. Dict.*).

851. *The rabbit fondles his own harmless face.* As the timid creature does this only when absolutely at ease, nothing could better indicate the complete desolation of the scene; but all the details of the picture are in keeping.

SEA DREAMS.

THIS poem, which was included in the *Enoch Arden* volume in 1864, was first printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1860.

"Poor Esther Johnson said of Swift that he could write beautifully on a broomstick; but even a broomstick, if one were permitted to wander in thought to the woods in which it grew, might seem a likelier subject for poetry than the pecuniary loss of a city clerk, on which Tennyson has contrived to hang a powerful and beautiful poem" (Bayne).

"The grace of the poem," says the *Quarterly Review*, "is equalled by the winning kindliness of it." Stedman calls it "a poem of measureless satire and much idyllic beauty."

4. *Germander eye.* "Some might call this a touch of Pre-Raphaelite conceit or affectation, but I think a poet has a right to invent color-words for himself when he wants them, provided only that they are expressive, picturesque, and not too far-fetched. There is no word in the language that will define the particular tint of blue which you see not unfrequently in the eye of an ailing child so well as that which is here applied by Tennyson. It is the faintly mottled blue of the germander speedwell [*Veronica chamaedrys*]—nothing else. As the little flower can be seen in summer in every English lane, the reference to it can hardly be called far-fetched" (Bayne). We believe, however, that ger-

mander is here applied to the color of the child's eye in health, not when "ailing."

5. *The giant-factored city-gloom.* Of a place like Manchester, for instance.

8. *Small were his gains.* The first reading was: "His gains were small."

15. *Strange shares.* At first, "wild shares."

19. *Variers from the church.* That is, Dissenters. In England, the word *church* is ordinarily applied only to the places of worship belonging to the Established Church; all others are *chapels*.

23. *The scarlet woman.* That is, the Church of Rome; his interpretation of *Rev.* xvii. 3 fol. For the *Apocalyptic millstone*, see *Id.* xviii. 21.

32. *Came and paced the shore.* At first, "moved and paced the sand."

34. *The large air.* Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 640: "*Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit*," etc.

39. *Till all the sails,* etc. "There is another reading, fresh and bright, from nature's own page! You stand by the sea, on a southward-looking coast, as the sun goes down. Westward, where the sails come between you and the sunset, they show simply as spots of shade; eastward, where they are farther from the sun than you, they catch the gleam from the west, and every sail is a speck of rose-light. I call that a proper illustration of our Alfred's 'truth of touch'" (Bayne).¹

For *Till all* the first reading was "Until."

44. *Let not the sun go down,* etc. See *Eph.* iv. 26.

47. *Her dear Lord.* At first, "our dear Lord."

65, 66. *Is it so true,* etc. The original reading was:

"It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first."

Tainsh (p. 95) considers the alteration an unfortunate one; but the interrogative form seems to us to add a bitter emphasis to the statement, not to weaken it by the expression of doubt, as he understands it.

70. *Fronted him.* At first, "lighted on him."

71. *After.* Afterwards; a common Elizabethan use of the word. Cf. Shakespeare, *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc.

78. *Dust and desk-work.* See on *Enoch Arden*, 59 above.

84. *I dream'd,* etc. In this dream "the results of speculation are poetically contrasted with those of honest work" (Bayne).

130. *I thought I could have died to save it.* True to the intensity of feeling we often experience in dreams.

137. *Tumbled.* Transitive, of course.

143. *That which I ask'd the woman.* Cf. III above.

148. *Seven and ten.* At first, "seven, the tenth."

154. *And all things work together,* etc. See *Rom.* viii. 28.

176. *With all his conscience,* etc. "A masterly imitation by Tennyson of our old English satiric style. I am not sure whether it was Dryden or Cowper that he had in mind, and I cannot help thinking that he

¹ "Perhaps, compared with the great old masters,

His range of landscape may not be much;

But who, out of all their starry number,

Can beat our Alfred in *truth of touch*?"

must have been influenced, in composing the lines, by Crabbe. The first line will recall Dryden's 'With two left legs and Judas-colored hair'" (Bayne). The critic in *Blackwood* says that the first two lines "might be sworn to as Pope's any day."

186, 187. *Made him his catspaw*, etc. This couplet was not in the poem as first printed.

195. *I loathe it*, etc. "Her answer honors Tennyson, and is, by implication, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to the heart-wisdom of woman" (Bayne).

201. *But round the north*, etc. The indirect quotation passes into direct in 231 below. The original version continued from 199 as follows:

"Still
It awed me. *Well—I dream'd that round the North*
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker *came from out* the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on *these* cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) *by which I saw*," etc.

The *Quarterly Review* remarks: "If we have a fault to find, it is with the mother's dream. This dream is vague and something too ponderous for the piece. It labors under the double obscurity of being both dream and allegory, and it remains with us a doubt to this day whether we have hit upon the true meaning of it, or whether the poet will rise up in judgment against our interpretation.¹ We had almost said with Bottom that it is 'past the wit of man to say what dream it was.' Not that this is all a fault, for, as the husband tells her, Boanerges the pulpiteer and the unfamiliar ocean roar were likely parents of such a fantasy."

Bayne says that the dream "seems to be an imaginative shadowing forth of the general revolutionary movement of those times, and of the battle of churches and sects, of creeds and scepticisms, through all which—an echo, shall we say? of the indestructible harmony in her own heart—she hears a note of Divine music. Readers will find much food for musing in these dreams."

215. *And past*, etc. The original reading was as follows:

"And past into the belt and swell'd again
To music; ever when it broke I saw
The statues, *saint or king or founder, fall*;
Then from the *gaps of ruin which it left*," etc.

217. *The statues*. Those which adorned the *cathedral-fronts*.

222. *And she grieved*, etc. The original reading was of course in the first person:

"And I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why," etc.

224. *Their wildest wailings never out of tune*, etc. Cf. Shelley, *Epi-psychidion*:

"And music from her respiration spread
Like light—all other sounds were penetrated
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound."

¹ He does not tell us what this interpretation was.

225. *As their shrieks.* At first, "when their shrieks;" and in 227 *while* was "tho'."

231. *To the waste deeps*, etc. The first reading was: "To the waste deeps together: and I fixt," etc.

243. *Boanerges.* Cf. *Mark*, iii. 17.

244. *Antibabylonianisms.* Cf. 22 fol. above.

246. *If there were.* At first, "were there such."

257. *The dimpled flounce*, etc. A thoroughly feminine metaphor.

259-261. *Why were you silent*, etc. In place of these three lines the first version had the following:

"I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he at whom you rail so much is dead.

280. *This baby song.* "An exquisite lullaby, a song which all mothers may learn, for it is what household songs should be, tender, simple, graceful, and picturesque" (*Quarterly Rev.*).

MARIANA.

THIS is one of Tennyson's earliest poems, having been printed in the *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, published in 1830 (p. 14).

The *Westminster Review* for July, 1835 (vol. 30. p. 404), remarks: "Of all the capacities of a poet, that which seems to have arisen earliest in Mr. Tennyson, and in which he most excels, is that of scene-painting, in the higher sense of the term: not the mere power of producing that rather vapid species of composition usually termed descriptive poetry, . . . but the power of *creating* scenery, in keeping with some state of human feeling; or so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it, and to summon up the state of feeling itself, with a force not to be surpassed by anything but reality. Our first specimen . . . will illustrate chiefly this quality of Mr. Tennyson's productions. . . . The subject is Mariana, the Mariana of *Measure for Measure*, living deserted and in solitude in the 'moated grange.' . . . In the one peculiar and rare quality which we intended to illustrate by it, this poem appears to us to be pre-eminent. . . . The nominal subject excites anticipations which the poem does not even attempt to fulfil. The humblest poet who is a poet at all could make more than is here made of the situation of a maiden abandoned by her lover. But that was not Mr. Tennyson's idea. The love-story is secondary in his mind. The words 'he cometh not' are almost the only words which allude to it at all. To place ourselves at the right point of view, we must drop the conception of Shakespeare's Mariana, and retain only that of a 'moated grange,' and a solitary dweller within it forgotten by mankind. And now see whether poetic imagery ever conveyed a more intense conception of such a place, or of the feelings of such an inmate. From the very first line, the rust of age and the solitude of desertion are on the whole picture. Words surely never excited a more vivid feeling of physical and spiritual dreariness; and not dreariness alone — for that might be felt under many other circumstances of solitude — but the dreariness which speaks not merely of being far from human converse and sympathy, but of being *deserted* by it."

Bayard Taylor (*International Review*, vol. 4. p. 404) refers to the poem as "a picture in the absolute Pre-Raphaelite manner, written more than a dozen years before Pre-Raphaelitism was heard of in art."

1. *Flower-plots*. Sometimes misprinted "flower-pots."

4. *The pear to the gable-wall*. The original reading was "the peach to the garden-wall." Bayard Taylor, writing in 1877 (*International Review*, vol. 4. p. 402), quotes Tennyson as saying: "There is my *Mariana*, for example. A line in it is wrong, and I cannot possibly change it, because it has been so long published; yet it always annoys me. I wrote 'That held the peach to the garden-wall.' Now this is not a characteristic of the scenery I had in mind. The line should be 'That held the pear to the gable-wall.'" It is curious to find the poet hesitating to make this change when he had made so many others in recent editions of these early poems; and even in the edition of 1884 we find alterations—in one case at least a wholly new line—in poems published in 1832 and 1842. The remarks quoted by Taylor must have been made before 1875, for in the ed. of that year the line is changed to the form in the text.

The scenery of the poem is that of the marshy lowlands of Lincolnshire, not far from the poet's birthplace, which is not in the fens, but in "a pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees."

13. *Her tears fell*, etc. Mr. J. C. Carr (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. 41. p. 47) compares Helvius Cinna:

"Te matutinus flentem conspexit Eous
Te flentem paulo vidit post Hesperus idem."

26. *The night-fowl crow*. Some years ago there was a discussion in *Notes and Queries* as to the birds meant by *night-fowl* here. *Crow* would suggest the cock, but as that bird is mentioned in the next line the word is probably used for the sake of rhyme. *Night-fowl* appears to be used in a general way for the various birds that are more or less vocal at night in that part of England.

31. *The gray-eyed morn*. Cf. Shakespeare, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 19: "Yon gray is not the morning's eye;" Milton, *Lycidas*, 187: "When the still Morn went out with sandals gray," etc.

40. *Marsh-mosses*. Marsh-mosses. Cf. *The Dying Swan*, 18: "And far thro' the marsh green and still;" *Id.* 35: "And the silvery marsh-flowers;" *On a Mourner*, 10: "With moss and braided marsh-pipe," etc.

43. *Did mark*. The first reading (retained in 1842, but changed as early as 1856) was "did dark."

50. *Up and away*. The ed. of 1830 has "up an' away;" changed in 1842.

63. *In the pane*. The eds. of 1830, 1842, and all others that we have seen down to that of 1875, have "i' the pane."

78. *The thick-moted sunbeam*. Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 8:

"As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

80. *Was sloping*, etc. The ed. of 1830 has "Downsloped was westerling in his bower." The change was made in 1842.

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

THIS poem was first published in the ed. of 1832 (dated 1833), but was changed so much when reprinted in 1842 that we give the original form in full :

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.¹

Behind the barren hill upsprung
 With pointed rocks against the light,
 The crag sharpshadowed overhung
 Each glaring creek and inlet bright.
 Far, far, one lightblue ridge was seen,
 Looming like baseless fairyland;
 Eastward a slip of burning sand,
 Dark-rimmed with sea, and bare of green.
 Down in the dry salt-marshes stood
 That house darklatticed. Not a breath
 Swayed the sick vineyard underneath,
 Or moved the dusty southernwood.
 "Madonna," with melodious moan
 Sang Mariana, night and morn,
 "Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
 Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,
 From her warm brow and bosom down
 Through rosy taper fingers drew
 Her streaming curls of deepest brown
 On either side, and made appear,
 Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
 Her melancholy eyes divine,
 The home of woe without a tear.
 "Madonna," with melodious moan
 Sang Mariana, night and morn,
 "Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
 Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

When the dawn crimson changed, and past
 Into deep orange o'er the sea,
 Low on her knees herself she cast,
 Unto our lady prayed she.
 She moved her lips, she prayed alone,
 She praying disarrayed and warm
 From slumber, deep her wavy form
 In the darklustrous mirror shone.
 "Madonna," in a low clear tone
 Said Mariana, night and morn,
 Low she mourned, "I am all alone,
 Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

At noon she slumbered. All along
 The silvery field, the large leaves talked
 With one another, as among
 The spiked maize in dreams she walked.
 The lizard leapt: the sunlight played:
 She heard the callow nestling lisp,
 And brimful meadow-runnels crisp,
 In the full-leaved plantan-shade.

¹ See Poems, chiefly Lyrical.

In sleep she breathed in a lower tone,
Murmuring as at night and morn,
"Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream
Most false: *he* was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The riverbed was dusty-white;
From the bald rock the blinding light
Beat ever on the sunwhite wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Madonna, leave me not all alone,
To die forgotten and live forlorn."

One dry cicala's summer song
At night filled all the gallery,
Backward the latticeblind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
Ever the low wave seemed to roll
Up to the coast: far on, alone
In the East, large Hesper overshone
The mourning gulf, and on her soul
Poured divine solace, or the rise
Of moonlight from the margin gleamed,
Volcano-like, afar, and streamed
On her white arm, and heavenward eyes.
Not all alone she made her moan,
Yet ever sang she, night and morn,
"Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

No change has been made in the poem since 1842 except in line 53, which in that ed. retains the original "Shrank the sick olive," etc.

85. *Cicala*. Italian for *cicada*. In *Enone*, the reading of line 27 down to 1884 was "Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps" (now "Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead"). Cf. Browning, *Pippa Passes*, prol. 213: "Nor yet cicala dared carouse;" and *Id.* iii. 51: "The very cicala laughs," etc.

90. *Hesper*. Hesperus, the evening-star. Cf. *In Memoriam*, cxxi: "Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun," etc. See also the new *Locksley Hall*, 185 fol.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

THIS poem first appeared in 1842, and in the only passage which has been changed the original reading has since been restored.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard (*N. A. Rev.* vol. 133, p. 91) says: *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* might have been written by Burns, in his most independent mood, if Burns could have written English."

23. *The lion on your old stone gates*. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 98: "Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp," and see note on p. 127 above.

31. *But there was that across his throat*, etc. "A less courageous poet would have made Laurence die of a broken heart; but the very grim-

ness is indisputably forcible, and brings out the moral in a stronger light" (*Westminster Rev.* vol. 38. p. 387).

47. *You fix'd a vacant stare.* Cf. *Maud*, xiii. 2:

"Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

51. *The gardener Adam.* The reading of 1842, subsequently altered to "The grand old gardener." The change was generally condemned by the critics, and in 1875 the original reading was restored.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

THIS was first printed in 1846, in the 4th ed. of the *Poems*.

4. *Snowdon.* The highest of the Welsh mountains (3571 feet), ascended from many points, the easiest route being from the village of *Llanberis*, which lies to the northwest.

6. *Between the lakes.* If the *counter side* means the opposite side of the valley from Snowdon, or *half way up* the ascent of Elidyr-fach (2550 feet) and Elidyr-fawr (3033 feet), the lakes are Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris, close by Llanberis. If the counter side is that of *Snowdon*, it is not easy to say what lakes are meant. They are not mentioned in the passage as originally written:

"And found him in Llanberis; and that same song
He told me; for I banter'd him," etc.

12. *Daughters of the horse-leech.* See *Prov.* xxx. 15.

18. *Catch me who can,* etc. Alluding to a familiar children's game.

23. *The sun flies forward,* etc. Referring to the motion of the sun with its attendant planets through space.

29. *Seas that daily gain upon the shore.* Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonn.* 64. 5:

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore," etc.

Some critics have expressed surprise that the dramatist should know anything of these gradual encroachments of the sea on the land; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day. See also 2 *Hen.* IV. iii. 1. 45:

"O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea!"

45. *Clear of toll.* Free from all tariff imposts. There is to be universal "free trade" in this "good time coming."

54. *It lies so far away,* etc. Cf. the new *Locksley Hall*, 78.

63. *O'erflourished.* Covered with flowers. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. N.* iii. 4. 404:

"Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil;"

referring to the florid carving of ancient trunks or chests.

The hoary clematis is the same as the *traveller's joy* of *Aylmer's Field*, 153. See note, p. 137 above.

65. *Old writers push'd the happy season back.* Alluding to the "golden age" of the old classical mythology.

71. *The bag.* In which he carries the seed he is sowing.

75. *The steep slate-quarry.* There are many slate-quarries in the neighborhood of Llanberis, as elsewhere in North Wales.

Flap. The verb is aptly chosen to express the sound, as anybody who has heard it can bear witness.

TITHONUS.

THIS poem was first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1860 (vol. i. p. 175), and afterwards included in the *Enoch Arden* volume of 1864.

The critic in *Blackwood* says of it: "Mr. Tennyson . . . gives us in this volume a noble instance of the true use to which a poet should put his knowledge of the ancients, by his *Tithonus*. Its subject is profoundly pathetic. It is the supplication of Tithonus to Eos to remove from him the burden of an immortality embittered by the infirmities of age. Ancient legend contains many similar exemplifications of the vanity of human wishes, but none more impressive than this one. Tithonus has prayed for endless life: he has forgotten to ask at the same time for unending happiness. His bliss has ended, but his life continues. Change has done her worst upon him, and is forbidden to compensate his injuries by her last boon, death. His latest prayers are unheard, through the fatal success of his earlier. When the last great poet of Rome has completed his survey of prayers granted in like manner to their offerer's destruction, he pauses, and bids men cease from their vain supplications, since the gods love us better than we love ourselves. But this noble sentiment belongs to those latter days of the ancient world when the reflected beams of the true Sun were beginning to enlighten its darkness. Greek legend teaches the direct contrary. Its gods are either too careless or too ignorant to secure the happiness of those whom they favor most. Eos can but lament the fatal effects of her gift; she cannot recall it. Even by making her weep, as he does, over her husband's anguish, the poet may seem to some to have incor- rectly imported modern feeling into the ancient story he is treating of. The well-known words which pass between Artemis and the dying Hippolytus in Euripides¹ might seem to forbid the representation of a god in tears, as opposed to the Hellenic conception of deity. Such, in truth, was the conclusion which the Greek mind arrived at, when it set itself to reason on the traditions which it had at first received without inquiry. Man's strong disposition to worship Power rather than Love made the Greek (while 'with his own worse self he clothed his god') deprive the objects of his adoration of what even the fierce satirist has styled 'nostri pars optima sensus.' But Tennyson's *Tithonus* belongs

¹ "*Hippolytus*. Queen, seest thou me, the wretched, how I suffer?

Artemis. Yes: but with eyes from which no tear may fall."

to an earlier epoch — to the day when the Hellenic eye gazed fondly, but as yet uncritically, on the beauteous forms which stood around it; when Homer sang the loves and hates of gods and goddesses, without troubling himself, like Pindar and Euripides, to make their doings agree with any ideal standard. The tears of Zeus for Sarpedon in the *Iliad* justify these which Eos sheds for Tithonus — not to mention that no god has a better right to tears than dewy Morn. For the Eos of Tennyson is the Homeric Eos seen closer. In the *Iliad* we view her from afar; her rosy fingers unbarring the eastern portals, her saffron garments brightening the sky. Tennyson admits us into

‘The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn,’

to paint her nearer in these exquisite lines in which Tithonus says :

‘Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew’d.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro’ the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen’d manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.’

There is a Titanesque beauty here, as well as in the passage a few lines farther on, in which, finding his ‘sorrow’s crown of sorrows in remembering happier things,’ Tithonus paints Eos as his eyes saw her before age dimmed them :

‘Ay me ! ay me ! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch — if I be he that watch’d —
The lucid outline forming round thee : saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings ;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson’d all
Thy presence and thy portals.’

“And the concluding words, in which the helpless Tithonus renews his prayer for death, thrill us by their tones of hopeless anguish; as they contrast the goddess in her immortal beauty with the man who shrinks even from *her* loved presence, that he may hide his sorrows in that grave which he yet loves to think she will visit with regretful looks. How they paint in their Homeric simplicity that weary spirit which finds all its former joys turned to wormwood, and now can only long for death :

‘Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.’

"We are inclined to give a very high place indeed to this beautiful poem (shall we say the highest?) among the Laureate's compositions on classical subjects. Not that we are insensible to the deep thought in his *Ulysses*, to the rich loveliness of his *Enone*, or to the varied melody of his *Lotos-Eaters*; but that his *Tithonus* seems to us to exclude the intrusion of alien ideas even more than they do, and to reach, if possible, a greater height of poetic beauty. . . . It inspires us with a deeper sense of admiring love than do its fellows. In its perfection alike of form and coloring, it affects us as do the mournful glories of the autumn woods, or the setting sunbeams of a day at whose dying we are moved to weep. It is of poems like *Tithonus* that the words are emphatically true—'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' It at least may its author bequeath to succeeding generations with little fear that they will regard it with less admiration than that with which his contemporaries behold it now."

The *Quarterly Review* remarks: "The crowning beauty of this part of the book [the part devoted to the lesser poems] is the poem of *Tithonus*, a poem . . . which is, we think, finer than any passage of equal length in all the Laureate's works. . . . To say, as many critics have thoughtlessly said, that the poet has accurately reproduced the 'classical' feeling in this and in other similar pieces, is, like all indiscriminate praise, idle as a compliment and false as a judgment. Though certain common excellences may make a plausible resemblance, yet in truth no contrast is greater than that between the jewelled beauty of Mr. Tennyson's style and the crystalline effulgence—the 'non imitabile fulgur'—of the great ancients. Mr. Tennyson's purity of style is as distinct in the romance of *Godiva* as in *Enone* and *Tithonus*; and he is too fine a genius to reproduce the manner of any other writer or of any other times. Living in a rich and complex state of society, and heir to a far greater wealth of human experience, his style is pregnant with a luxuriance of imagery and of reflection which would become oppressive, were it not successfully restrained by severity of culture. That transparent radiance and singleness of effect which we so much admire in the ancients, matchless as it is, owes much of its virtue to the simplicity of the conditions under which it was produced. Homer and Pindar, in giving free rein to their imaginations, ran little risk of a surfeit, while the chastened reserve of *Enoch Arden* can have been attained only by pitiless defalcation and vigilant self-restraint. . . . The Poet-Laureate is then our own poet, and inditing of our own matters; nor do we wish to see him other than he is. Like Shakespeare and Goethe, he has taken motives from classical legend; but also, like them, he has made the subjects his own, so that *Tithonus* and *Ulysses* are as unlike Homeric poetry as the *Ancient Mariner* is unlike an early English ballad. The story of *Tithonus*, as the delicate sense of Mr. Tennyson has doubtless perceived, has, in truth, a deeper meaning for us than it had for an earlier time. The earth may robe herself again with light; man may rise and go forth in the morning, clothed anew with strength; in the spring-time, year after year, bridal garments are woven for a maiden world; but even, as the days are springing, and the merry months returning, one dim shadow paces slowly by our side, growing older and more

weariness with the endless hours. Nay, more: can it be that the poet means now in this nineteenth century, when many are crying, as so many have cried in years gone by, that a golden time is coming; that now, when men are running o'er the patient earth with the heedlessness and the eagerness of youth, and when even nations seem as if rising again from sleep—can it be that these feverish visions, these hurrying to and fro, are but restless efforts to escape the haunting presence of that whitening shadow which will not be shaken off, but whispers even in our ears, wearily and more wearily? This he cannot mean; for shall he not surely prophesy good concerning us continually?"

1. *The woods decay*, etc. The first reading was: "Ay me! ay me! the woods decay and fall."

4. *After many a summer dies the swan*. The ancients supposed the swan to be a very long-lived bird.

18. *But thy strong Hours*, etc. But, since perpetual youth was not joined with the gift of immortality, Time worked his will upon me, etc. The *Hours* (*Horæ*) were generally described as three in number, and represented the changes of the seasons. In Homer they figure as the attendants of Zeus (Jupiter), watching the gates of heaven; but they also appear as the attendants of other deities, Eos (Aurora) among the number. The Athenians recognized only two *Horæ*, Thallo, the season of blossom, and Carpo, the season of the ripened fruit. At a later period the number was made four, to correspond with the ordinary seasons of the year.

25. *The silver star*. The morning-star.

29. *Kindly*. Natural; the original sense of the word. The "kindly fruits of the earth" in the *Litany* are the natural fruits, or those which the earth bears "after its kind," or according to its nature. Cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, iv. i. 75:

"And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly."

In *A. and C.* ii. 5. 78, "kindly creatures" are such as the land naturally produces.

39. *The wild team*, etc. The horses that draw the chariot of Eos. The first reading was: "and that wild team," etc.

62. *Like that strange song*, etc. Ovid (*Heroides*, xv. 179) tells us that Troy owed its origin to the music of Apollo's lyre. Cf. *Ænone*, 39:

"As yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape."

See also Milton, *P. L.* i. 710:

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

71. *Barrows*. See on *Enoch Arden*, 7.

FREEDOM.

[1842.]

THIS noble poem, though not published until 1842, was written in 1833, when Tennyson was only twenty-four years old. The pieces beginning "You ask me why, though ill at ease," and "Love thou thy land, with love far-brought," date from the same period; and "never has political philosophy been wedded to the poetic form more happily than in these three short pieces on England and her institutions."

A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for October, 1880 (vol. 72. p. 282), says: "We have been told that when the Laureate was at Cambridge, a friend of his own age and set, himself well known in literature since those days, delivered a speech at the Cambridge Union which made at the time a profound impression. But few of the enthusiastic boys who heard it could have supposed even in the wildest flights of admiration, that their orator's thoughts, and many of his words, would live as long as the English language, in the form of the fine stanzas, 'You ask me why, though ill at ease,' 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,' and 'Love thou thy land.'" From a reference to the same matter in another literary journal (the name and date of which we have somehow lost) we infer that the orator was Mr. James Spedding—to whom Tennyson's lines "To J. S." are addressed.

1. *Of old sat Freedom on the heights.* Cf. Milton, *L' All.* 26: "The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

14. *Her isle-altar.* Great Britain.

15. *God-like.* Like Neptune with his trident.

FREEDOM.

[1884.]

WRITTEN for the New York *Independent* in 1884, and included in *Tiresias and other Poems*, published in 1885.

3. *The pillar'd Parthenon.* The first reading was "the column'd Parthenon."

4. *The glittering Capitol.* Referring to Rome, as the preceding line to Greece.

7. *As here.* That is, in England.

17-20. *Of knowledge*, etc. This stanza was not in the poem as sent to the *Independent*.

21. *Who yet, like nature.* Originally "Who, like great Nature."

23. *Her Human Star.* Originally "our Human Star."

34. *Strown the wave.* That is, spread it out, levelled or smoothed it.

RIZPAH.

THIS remarkable poem was first printed in *Ballads and other Poems*, published in 1880.

A reviewer in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February, 1881 (vol. 43. p. 242), says of it: "As the recital in lyric form of a weird tale of misery and madness, this poem is unmatched in Mr. Tennyson's work. An old woman, in her fierce and at the same time trembling dotage, tells a lady who has come to visit her how her boy had long ago been hung in chains, under the old laws of England, for robbing the mail; how he had done it not in wickedness but in recklessness, but how her plea to that effect had availed him nothing; how when she had gone to visit him in prison she had been forced from him by the jailer, with his cry of 'mother, mother!' ringing in her ears; how the same cry rang afterwards in her brain while she lay bound and beaten in a madhouse; and how, when she was at last set free, she used to steal out on stormy nights, and gather together his bones from beneath the gallows, until she had gathered them every one and buried them in consecrated ground beside the churchyard wall. It is as terrible a tale as could well be imagined, and is told with a plain and classic force, a freedom from shrillness or emphasis, which leaves the terror all the more piercing and unescapable."

The *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1881 (vol. 154. p. 486), refers to the poem as one in which Tennyson "has broken on the world with a new strength and splendor," and "has achieved a new reputation." The writer adds: "Of this astonishing production it has been said that, were all the rest of the author's works destroyed, this alone would at once place him among the first of the world's poets. Such was the verdict pronounced by Mr. Swinburne. It has all his characteristic generosity, and not much of his characteristic exaggeration. . . . A work of this order can never be done justice to by quotations; but we have used them with no further end than to indicate baldly the outline of the poet's subject. For his sublime treatment of it, for the tenderness and the terror of his pathos, we must refer the reader to the poem itself in its entirety. Nothing in *Maud*, nothing in *Guinevere*, can approach in power to *Rizpah*. This fact can, we conceive, be accounted for by the special nature of the subject. Of all the affections of human nature that are least subject to change, either in the way of contraction or development, is the passion of mother for child. It asks least aid either from faith or reason. And something may be said of the three other poems that we have associated with *Rizpah* [*The First Quarrel*, *The Northern Cobbler*, and *The Village Wife*]. These three deal all of them with the life of the common people, and touch our feelings and principles in their rudest and simplest form. They take us below the reach of either conscious faith or philosophy; and they elude, they do not meet, the problems of human destiny. Thus Mr. Tennyson's genius has escaped, in these cases, from the external circumstances that had been depressing it; and, once supplied with a fitting theme to handle, it has shown itself as strong, if not stronger than ever."

For the suggestion of the title of *Rizpah*, see 2 Sam. xxi. 1-14.

4. *Downs*. See on *Enoch Arden*, 6 above.

7. *The creak of the chain*. It was formerly the custom in England to hang the bodies of certain malefactors in chains after execution. The bodies of pirates were so hung on the banks of the Thames. Cf. 35 below.

51. *Flesh of my flesh*, etc. Cf. *Gen.* ii. 23.

54. *They had moved in my side*. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 1009:

"And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn."

This use of *side* is not mentioned in the dictionaries.

62. *Full of compassion*, etc. See *Ps.* lxxxvi. 15, cxi. 4, cxii. 4, and cxlv. 8.

65. *Put on the black cap*. As the judge does when pronouncing sentence of death.

66. *And the first may be last*, etc. Cf. *Matt.* xix. 30, xx. 16, *Mark*, x. 31.

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

THIS poem was published late in 1886 in the volume to which it furnishes a title.

Of the many criticisms which the piece has called forth, the fullest and the fairest is that of Mr. W. E. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1887 (vol. 21. p. 1), from which we take the following passages:

"The nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new *Locksley Hall* is, as told by the calendar, a work of Lord Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic 'eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.' . . . It was in 1842 that the genius of Lord Tennyson blazed in full orb upon the world. But he had long before¹ worn the livery of the Muse, and braved the ordeal of the press, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to treat of the whole period of threescore years as already included within a literary life. And now that he gives us another *Locksley Hall* 'after sixty years,' the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded will be accepted, on his work will be, that it betrays a want of tone and fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form, than with the substance. Limbs will grow stiff with age, but minds not always; we find here all undiminished that suppleness of the poet which enables him to conform without loss of freedom to the stringent laws of measured verse. Lord Tennyson retains his conspicuous mastery over the trochaic metre, and even the least favorable among the instantaneous, or 'pistol-graph,' criticisms demanded by the necessities of the daily press, stingily admits that the poem 'here and there exhibits the inimitable touch.'

"Another article, produced under the same rigorous conditions, but of singular talent,² states rather dogmatically that any criticism which

¹ *Poems by Two Brothers* (Alfred and Charles Tennyson), 1827.

² *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 14, 1886, p. 5.

accepts Lord Tennyson as a thinker is now out of date. I venture to demur to this proposition; and to contend that the author of *In Memoriam* (for example) shows a capacity which entitles him to a high place among the thinkers of the day; of thinkers, too, on those subjects, which have the first and highest claim to the august name of philosophy. It does not follow that we are to regard all the productions of Lord Tennyson as equally the fruit of the 'thinker' that is in him. A great poet is commonly of a richly diversified nature; and as the strong man of the gospel is ejected by a stronger man, so the strong faculty of the poet may rock or swerve under the encroaching pressure of a faculty which is even, if only for the time, stronger still. . . .

"In the work, however, that is now before the world, Lord Tennyson neither claims the authority, nor charges himself with the responsibility, of one who solemnly delivers, under the weight of years, and with a shortened span before him, a confession of political or social faith. The poem is strictly a dramatic monologue. In its pages we have before us, though without the formal divisions of the drama, a group of personages, and the strain changes from the color of thought appropriate for one to that which befits another. . . . The method in the old *Locksley Hall*, and in the new, is the same. In each the maker is outside his work; and in each we have to deal with it as strictly impersonal. Were it otherwise, were we to seek political knowledge at the lips of our author, we should not be in difficulty; for this is he who in his official verses of 1851, addressed to the queen, and in the poem 'Love thou thy Land,' has supplied us with a code of politics as sound, as comprehensive, and as exactly balanced, as either verse or prose could desire.

"The connection of the two *Locksley Halls* lies in the continuous identity of the hero, he supplying the thread on which the subject and its movement hang. The teaching of half a century ago, proceeding immediately from the poet's lips, inculcated above all things impartiality of view. He

'Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes.'¹

And the strain of the personage then young, whom the famous poem set before us, was not one-sided. He then saw a mercenary taint upon the age:

'Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.'

He had glimpses of a vaunting temper and of words outrunning deeds:

'But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.'

Yet he shook off depression and taught the doctrine of a tempered progress, in lines which the language itself cannot outlive:

'Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns.'

¹ From "Love thou thy Land."

And what those suns had already done was first fruit; the harvest was behind:

'Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.'

And not only was there no fear of onward movement — witness the line which may well make a nervous man giddy as he reads it —

'Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change;'

but the dauntless eye of the prophet has seen, down the long avenue, all the way — I fear the immeasurable way — to the great result:

'Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.'

"Such is the voice that rings as well as warbles from the chambers of the old *Locksley Hall*. On the whole, if an account be strictly taken, the coloring was something sanguine. A bias in that direction was not unsuited to the speaker's youth, especially if, as England has unflinchingly believed, his lessons of hope were, upon the whole, the lessons of wisdom. The labor of life is cheered by the song of life. The sweat of man's brow, and the burden on his back, produce better practical results, if he can be encouraged to reckon with a reasonable confidence on his reward.

"As the junior changes into a senior at the command of the bard of the new *Locksley Hall*, he does not forget to look at the reverse as well as the obverse of the medal, or to recommend the persevering performance of daily duty as the best medicine for paralyzing doubts, and the safest shelter under the storms either of practical or of speculative life. So speaks the eulogy on the successful suitor of the first *Locksley Hall*, to whom a gentle reparation is now made, and who served God in his generation:

'Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drained the fen.'

"But the voice of our prophet in this poem, if taken as a whole, has undergone a change. Such a change was in the course of nature.

'The clouds, that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.'¹

Perhaps the tone may even, at times, be thought to have grown a little hoarse with his years. Not that we are to regard it as the voice of the author. On the earlier occasion he supplied in 'Love thou thy Land' whatever correction was required to bring the scales of anticipation back to equilibrium. He has not now given us his own personal forecast of the actual or the coming time; and in withholding it he allows us a yet greater freedom to estimate the utterances of the prophet in the new *Locksley Hall* by the rules of truth and soberness, but 'without respect of persons.'

¹ Wordsworth, *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood*.

"For much indeed that he teaches we ought to feel obliged to him. . . . The first three decades of this century were far from normal. They suffered, both morally and politically, from the terrible recoil of the French Revolution, and of the means employed for counteracting it. . . . But though it was a time which can ill stand comparison with most others of our history, there still remained for us that glorious inheritance of Britons which, though it imperilled and defaced, it did not destroy.

"It was manifestly from the point marked by the close of this period that the old *Locksley Hall* took its measurements, and found in the survey of the years which had succeeded 1830, that their good outweighed their evil. In his admirable verses to the queen, too, Mr. Tennyson — this time in person and not through a *persona* — looked at the Ship of State, and gave her his benediction on her way, as Longfellow's master blessed the ship of the Union :

'Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea ;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.'

"During the intervening half-century, or near it, the temper of hope and thankfulness, which both Mr. Tennyson and the young prophet of *Locksley Hall* so largely contributed to form, has been tested by experience. Authorities and people have been hard at work in dealing with the laws, the policy, and the manners of the country. Their performances may be said to form the play, intervening between the old prologue, and the new epilogue which has just issued from the press. This epilogue, powerful as it is, will not quite harmonize with the evergreens of Christmas. The young prophet, now grown old, is not, indeed (though perhaps, on his own showing, he ought to be), in despair. For he still stoutly teaches manly duty and personal effort, and longs for progress more, he throws, than its professing and blatant votaries. But in his present survey of the age as his field, he seems to find that a sadder color has invested all the scene. The evil has eclipsed the good, and the scale, which before rested solidly on the ground, now kicks the beam. . . .

"The prophet of the new *Locksley Hall* records against us many sad, and even shameful, defaults. They are not to be denied; and the list probably might be lengthened. The youngest among us will not see the day in which new social problems will have ceased to spring as from the depths, and vex even the most successful solvers of the old; or in which this proud and great English nation will not have cause, in all its ranks and orders, to bow its head before the Judge Eternal, and humbly to confess to forgotten duties, or wasted and neglected opportunities. It is well to be reminded, and in tones such as make the deaf man hear, of city children who 'soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime;' of maidens cast by thousands on the street; of the sempstress scrimped of her daily bread; of dwellings miserably crowded; of fever as the result; even of 'incest in the warrens of the poor.'

[Mr. Gladstone then goes on to show that, although much remains to be reformed, "the laws and works" of the past half-century "are not bad but good." The bulk of his article is devoted to proving and illustrating this proposition, and the conclusion to which he comes is stated thus:]

"The sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived into a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance, it now not only winces but rebels; that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting; and that, without its being said that the old prophet is wrong, it may be said that the young prophet was unquestionably right.

"But do not let us put to hazard his lessons, by failing to remember that every blessing has its drawbacks and every age its dangers. . . . Let us beware of that imitative luxury which is tempting all of us to ape our betters. Let us remember, that in our best achievements lie hid the seeds of danger; and beware less the dethronement of custom to make place for right should displace along with it that principle of reverence which bestows a discipline absolutely invaluable in the formation of character. Let us respect the ancient manners; and recollect that, if the true soul of chivalry has died among us, with it all that is good in society has died. Let us cherish a sober mind; take for granted that in our best performances there are latent many errors which in their own time will come to light; and thank our present teacher for reminding us in his stately words:

'Forward, then, but still remember, how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward-streaming curve.'

"And now a closing word. There is a circle of elect spirits, to whom the whole strain of this paper will, it is most likely, seem to be beside the mark. A criticism on the new volume in the *Spectator*,¹ bearing the signs of a master hand, justly (as I think) praises the chief poem, in a temper unalloyed by the fears which weaker men may entertain, lest by other men weaker still it may be taken for a deliberate authoritative estimate of the time, and if so taken may be made and excused for the indulgence of the opposite but often concurring weaknesses of a carping and also of a morbid temper. If I understand the criticism rightly, it finds a perfect harmony, a true equation, between the two *Locksley Halls*; the warmer picture due to the ample vitality of the prophet's youth, and the colder one not less due to the stunted vitality of his age. In passing I may just observe that this stunted vitality can strike like a spent cannon-ball. But at all events we must in this view not merely accept, we must carry along with us in living consciousness, the proposition that the poems are purely subjective; that they do not deal with the outward world at all; that their imagery is like the perception of color by the eye, and tells us only our own impression of the thing, not

¹ Of December 18, 1886.

at all the thing itself. Provided with this *mōlu*,¹ we can safely confront any Circe, and defy all her works."

We add a portion of the article in the *Spectator* to which Mr. Gladstone alludes :

"The critics hitherto have done no justice to Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, if, indeed, they have carefully read it. We venture to say that it is at least as fine a picture of age reviewing the phenomena of life, and reviewing them with an insight impossible to youth into all that threatens man with defeat and degradation, though of course without any of that irrepressible elasticity of feeling which shows even by the very wildness and tumult of its despair that despair is, for it, ultimately impossible; as Tennyson's earlier poem was of youth passionately resenting the failure of its first bright hope, and yet utterly unable to repress the 'promise and potency' of its buoyant vitality. The difference between the *Locksley Hall* of Tennyson's early poems and the *Locksley Hall* of his latest is this — that in the former all the melancholy is attributed to personal grief, while all the sanguine visionariness which really springs out of overflowing vitality justifies itself by dwelling on the cumulative resources of science and the arts; — in the latter, the melancholy in the man, a result of ebbing vitality, justifies itself by the failure of knowledge and science to cope with the moral horrors which experience has brought to light, while the set-off against that melancholy is to be found in a real personal experience of true nobility in man and woman. Hence those who call the new *Locksley Hall* pessimist seem to us to do injustice to that fine poem. No one can expect age to be full of the irrepressible buoyancy of youth. Age is conscious of a dwindling power to meet the evils which loom larger as experience widens. What the noblest old age has to set off against this consciousness of rapidly diminishing buoyancy is a larger and more solid experience of human goodness, as well as a deeper faith in the power which guides youth and age alike. Now Tennyson's poem shows us these happier aspects of age, though it shows us also that exaggerated despondency in counting up the moral evils of life which is one of the consequences of dwindling vitality. Nothing could well be finer than Tennyson's picture of the despair which his hero would feel if he had nothing but 'evolution' to depend on, or than the rebuke which the speaker himself gives to that despondency when he remembers how much more than evolution there is to depend on, — how surely that has been already 'evolved' in the heart of man which, itself inexplicable, yet promises an evolution far richer and more boundless than is suggested by any physical law. The final upshot of the swaying tides of progress and retrogression, in their periodic advance and retreat, is, he tells us, quite incalculable by us — the complexity of the forward and backward movements of the wave

¹ *Odyssey* x. 305. The Greek word (μῶλυ) is commonly Anglicized into *moly*. It was the name of the magic herb which Hermes (Mercury) gave Ulysses to protect him from the enchantments of Circe. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 636 :

"And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave."

See also *The Lotus-Eaters*, 133 : "But propt on beds of amaranth and moly," etc.

being beyond our grasp;—and yet he is sure that there is that in us which supplies an ultimate solution of the riddle. . . .

“On the whole, we have here the natural pessimism of age in all its melancholy, alternating with that highest mood like ‘old experience’ which, in Milton’s phrase, ‘doth attain to something like prophetic strain.’ The various eddies caused by these positive and negative currents seem to us delineated with at least as firm a hand as that which painted the tumultuous ebb and flow of angry despair and angrier hope in the bosom of the deceived and resentful lover of sixty years since. The later *Locksley Hall* is in the highest sense worthy of its predecessor.”

1, 2. *The sandy tracts*, etc. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 5, 6:

“Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.”

On *the curlews*, cf. *Id.* 3: “while I heard the curlews call.”

13-16. *In the hall*, etc. These two couplets were originally written for the first *Locksley Hall*. See our *Select Poems of Tennyson*, p. 223.

28. *His feet upon the hound*. As may be seen not unfrequently in the recumbent figures on old English monuments. The *crossing* of the feet or legs indicates that the knight was a Crusader.

34. *The shield of Locksley*. In the *crimson* or painted glass of the window.

42. *Cold upon the dead volcano*, etc. Cf. Lowell, *Sir Launfal*:

“The soul partakes the season’s youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep ‘neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.”

55. *Our sailor son*. Evidently an only son, as the grandson also is.

61. *Wiser there than you*, etc. The young man’s philosophy, it appears, does not “look beyond the grave.”

65-72. The *Spectator* says: “As an illustration of the strong grasp which age gets of the convictions which are products neither of hope nor of fear, take the following on the significance of the belief in eternity as moulding and shaping to new meanings the life of man:

‘Gone forever! Ever? no—for since our dying race began
Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man.

‘Those that in barbarian burials kill’d the slave and slew the wife
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

‘Truth for truth and good for good! The good, the true, the pure, the just—
Take the charm “Forever” from them, and they crumble into dust.’

Has Tennyson ever written anything which concentrates into a single line more of the wisdom of maturity than the last line here quoted?”

73. *The cry of ‘Forward, Forward.’* Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 181: “Forward, forward let us range,” etc.

78. *Let us hush this cry*, etc. Cf. *The Golden Year*, 54 fol.

89. *France had shown a light*, etc. Referring to the French Revolution. The aboriginal inhabitants of France, as of the British Isles, belonged to the *Celtic* race. *Demos* (δῆμος) is the Greek name for the common people.

95. *Peasants maim the helpless horse*, etc. As in the reign of terror in the agricultural districts of England, in 1830-1833, when the burning of stacks, farm-buildings, and live-stock, by the emissaries of "Captain Swing" was of nightly occurrence.

100. *Saint Francis of Assisi*. Many of the legends connected with him illustrate his love for all lower animals and even for plants and flowers.

103. *Cosmos*. Order and harmony, as opposed to *chaos*. "The fabric of the external universe first received the title of *cosmos*, or 'beautiful order'" (Trench).

110. *Equal-born*. The critic of the London *Academy* (Jan. 1, 1887) asks: "Is it defensible to twist the Radical's demand for 'equality' of rights into a statement that all men are 'equal-born' in order to pour a very natural contempt upon it?" It is this equality of "inalienable rights," not equality of rank or endowments, which the Declaration of Independence claims for all men.

116. *The voices from the field*. The vote of the laboring classes; like *the suffrage of the plough* just below.

117. *Those three hundred millions*. Of British India.

123. *Hustings-liar*. Election-day orator or demagogue.

130. *Tonguesters*. Not in the dictionaries, and doubtless the poet's coinage.

131. *Voices*. Plebeian voters. Cf. *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 132:

"Here come moe voices. —
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices.
Indeed, I would be consul."

and *Id.* iv. 6. 147: "Ye 're goodly things, you voices!"

133. *Pluck the mighty*, etc. Cf. *Luke*, i. 52 and *P.* cxlvii. 6.

145. *Zolaism*. Alluding to the "realistic" French novelist, Zola.

153. *Ere the dotard*, etc. The first reading was "ere the graybeard," if we may trust the newspaper versions of the poem. The variation can hardly be a misprint.

157. *Jacobinism*. Mad opposition to legitimate government, like that of the *Jacobins*, a club of violent Republicans in the French revolution of 1789, who got their name from the Jacobin monastery where their secret meetings were held. *Jacquerie*, originally the name given to a revolt of the peasants of Picardy against the nobles in 1358, came to be applied to any similar insurrection of the lower classes.

162. *All the millions one at length*, etc. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 127:

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

182. *Yet the moonlight is the sunlight*. That is, reflected sunlight.

185. *Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things.*
The allusion is to the fragment of Sappho:

Ἔσπερε, πάντα φέρεις
φέρεις ὄνον, φέρεις αἶγα,
φέρεις μητέρι παῖδα.

Cf. Byron's paraphrase in *Don Juan*, iii. 107:

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things —
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabor'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast."

See also on *Mariana in the South*, 90 above.

201-212. *What are men*, etc. This passage "takes for its text the 8th Psalm, which, beginning with the same dismay at the smallness of man's material significance, sees, nevertheless, that in his apprehension of the world he is proved 'little lower than the angels'" (*Academy*).

203. *And suns along their fiery way*, etc. Cf. *The Golden Year*, 23.

213. *The lion-guarded gate*. Cf. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, 23 and *Enoch Arden*, 98.

226. *With the cry*. That is, with the rest of the pack in the hunt. For *cry* in this sense, cf. *Othello*, ii. 3. 370: "not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry;" and *Coriolanus*, iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs!"

240. *Youthful jealousy is a liar*. Alluding to the earlier poem (43 fol.) where he is described as a "clown," etc.

246. *Roofs of stated hideousness*. The "model houses" to be seen in many English towns and villages, built on scientific principles but with none of the picturesque charm of the old domestic architecture — better to live in, though not to look at.

248. *The lion passant*. In the Locksley coat-of-arms. *Passant* is an heraldic term applied to an animal represented as walking.

259. *Shelter'd*. For the intransitive use, cf. Milton, *P. L.* ix. 1109:

"There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds."

See also *Id.* xi. 223.

266. *Him who led the way*. The dead lord.

268. *Built the cottage*. No doubt the same cottages referred to in 246 above.

276. *Forward*, etc. The youthful cry is taken up again in these closing stanzas, in which there is surely no pessimism.

278. *The deathless Angel*, etc. See *Mark*, xvi. 5, and cf. *John*, xx. 12.

ADDENDA.

ENOCH ARDEN AND AYLMER'S FIELD.

A WRITER in the *British Quarterly Review* for October, 1880 (vol. 72. p. 282), says: "*Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* were told by a friend to the poet, who, struck by their aptitude for versification, requested to have them at length in writing. When they were thus supplied the poetic versions were made as we now have them."

Mr. Henry J. Jennings in his *Lord Tennyson* (London, 1884, p. 184) also says: "Both *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* originated in narratives of real life told to the poet by a friend."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that the scene of *Aylmer's Field* is "Aylmerston in Norfolk." We presume he refers to *Aylmerston*, a parish twenty miles north of Norwich and about three miles from the coast. Rye's *Guide to Norfolk* (p. 91) mentions it as "interesting from the open pits or earth dwellings . . . which are locally called 'shrieking pits,' from the local belief that the wraith of a woman is always wandering about looking into them at night-time, wringing her hands and shrieking."

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Teachers who, either for want of time or for any other reason, do not desire to read the entire poem with their classes, will find some useful hints as to selections in the Appendix to the Notes.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN a school edition of an English classic, as I said in the preface to the *Merchant of Venice* thirteen years ago, the requisites are “a pure *text* and the *notes* needed for its thorough elucidation and illustration.”

So far as the *text* is concerned, it might be expected that all an editor could have to do, in the case of a recent author like Scott, would be to follow a “standard” edition like Lockhart’s; but, as I have explained in my preface, a careful collation of the best edi-

tions has proved that no two of them agree exactly in their readings, and that all of them are more or less corrupt. The errors, moreover, are often of a serious nature, marring or spoiling the sense, and otherwise doing the poet gross wrong. It may be fairly claimed that in the present edition the text is correctly printed *for the first time in half a century at least*. If in any case there may be a question as to the reading I have adopted, the teacher or student can select another from the *notes*, where *all* the “various readings” are recorded.

In the *Notes*, as in my edition of Shakespeare, I have preferred to err, if at all, on the side of fulness. Notes should never furnish what the student may reasonably be required to find out

for himself. So long as they give him new work to do, instead of doing his work for him, there had better be too many of them than too few. The teacher will know how much of the *possible* labor it is expedient to exact.

Scott's own notes I have generally given in full. A few of the longest have been somewhat abridged, mainly in the illustrative quotations, some of which are of no special interest except to the critic or the antiquarian. That these omitted portions are little read, even by critics, is evident from the fact (noted in my preface) that the dropping out of *a whole page*, through the carelessness of a printer, whereby the halves of two disconnected sentences are fused into one unintelligible sentence, has passed undetected—or at least uncorrected—in all the reprints of Lockhart's edition for fifty years.

A few suggestions to teachers concerning the use of the *Notes* may not be out of place. I do not assume that they will be needed by all teachers, but they may be of service to some.

In the first place, the notes are *not* intended to be assigned *in bulk* as lessons. They are to be used for reference as needed, not to be committed to memory. The *poetry* is the lesson, the *notes* are merely aids in studying it. To what extent they are to be used will depend upon the method of study.

Again, some of the notes are simply hints to the teacher, which he can follow out at his discretion. I will illustrate my meaning by a few examples from the first pages.

On page 181 (note on 32) I refer to the fact that a figure is peculiarly "appropriate," or in keeping with the scene and the subject. It would be easy to multiply notes of this kind, but to do so would defeat my purpose. I do not believe in "sign-post" criticism of this kind. The teacher should see that his pupils find similar instances for themselves, giving them help only in a Socratic way, and no further than may be necessary to train them to the exercise of their own taste and judgment.

On page 182, the notes on 38 and 54, calling attention to the rhetorical force of inversions (the teacher should read Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Philosophy of Style," if he is not already familiar with it), those on 46 and 80, referring to words not admissible in prose, and those on 66 and 69, pointing out poetical or metaphorical uses of words, illustrate classes of comments which the pupil may be led to make for himself to whatever extent the teacher pleases.

If the pupil has not learned the elementary facts about figurative language, let him learn them, not from a school text-book of "rhetoric," but *from the poem*, and by finding and analyzing them for himself, rather than by having them pointed out and explained to him; and the same may be said of the "properties of style," and of "rhetoric" in general, so far as it has to do with poetry. In my own experience, I have found this the most satisfactory, if not the only really satisfactory, way of teaching these things to young students. The average schoolboy or schoolgirl can be led, by judicious questioning, to *deduce* all this "rhetoric" from the first two or three pages of the *Lady of the Lake* in a few hours. Almost no direct *instruction* is needed. The technical terms of the text-book should be very sparingly introduced. Only such as have ceased to be exclusively technical, and ought to be understood by every well-informed person (*metaphor, simile, personification*, and the like) should be employed. The mere pointing out of instances of the figures (saying "This is a metaphor," or "That is a simile," etc.), without regard to the aptness, or beauty, or other noteworthy fact concerning them, is "flat, stale, and unprofitable" work, after the pupil has once learned to recognize and name the figures. In some schools this is the chief thing done in the so-called "study" of poetry, but it is about as useless as "parsing," than which no exercise can be more useless.

I might go on with illustrations of what would be my own way of using notes and following out their suggestions, but these

will suffice to give the teacher an inkling of the method. Of course the material furnished can be used in many other ways, and the teacher may have one of his own that is better—at least for him—than mine would be.

Notes on points of *grammar* and on the *derivation of words* I have avoided, except where they bear upon the interpretation of the passage.

The quotations from Shakespeare and his contemporaries, illustrating Scott's free use of Elizabethan words and constructions, will interest the general reader and the teacher; but the latter must decide for himself how far he will make use of them in school work. In my own experience I have found that the majority of pupils old enough to read a poem like this soon become interested in the glimpses of the history of their vernacular, which they get from the poet's archaic phraseology, and such "parallelisms" as I cite in my notes.

To the *metre* of the poem I have devoted but few notes, and personally I should not give much time to the subject in school. The most that I should attempt would be to make the pupil understand the regular form of the measure (iambic, trochaic, or whatever it may be, laying no stress on the *names* except for the fact that some of them are terms which every intelligent person should understand), and some of the musical *variations* from the regular form (see page 182, note on 72); and this mainly to show that metre is not the monotonous up-and-down singsong that young people are apt to imagine.

I may add that the teacher can use the MS. readings, and the misreadings of the common editions, as exercises for the taste and critical judgment of his pupils. They should be able to see, and to make others see, why one reading is better or worse than another. It would be a dull boy or girl that could not see, for instance, that *clift* in i. 217 must be right, and *cliff* wrong; or

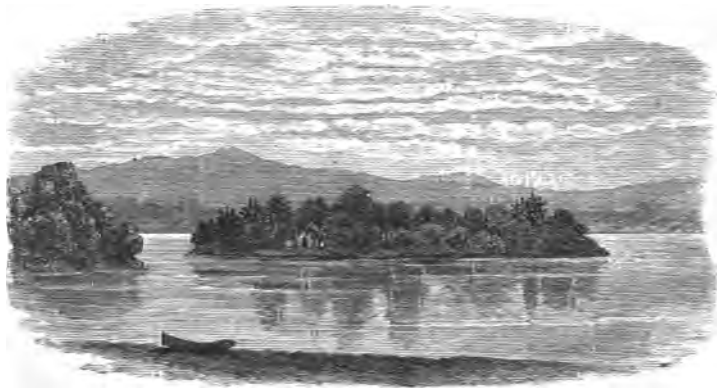
that *heart* for *heat* in ii. 685 is nonsense, though the corruptions have passed unchallenged for half a century or more.

My edition of Shakespeare, of which I at first expected to prepare only five or six plays for school use, has been completed because it proved to be acceptable to readers in general; and an edition of any poet, which is really adapted to the many and varied demands of the school-room, should, it seems to me, be equally suited to the wants of the great majority of readers, — all, indeed, except the most critical and exacting.

For the home-study of the poem — a kind of social enjoyment that ought to be more common — some of the hints given above will be no less suggestive than for school work.

W. J. R.

NOTE. — The above hints on the study of the *Lady of the Lake* will apply, with obvious modifications, to the other books of the series.



INCHMAHONE ISLAND, LAKE MENTETH. Digitized by Google



SAINT FILLAN'S HILL.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.



CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

38. *As Chief*, etc. Note here, as often, the simile put *before* that which it illustrates,—an effective rhetorical, though not the logical, arrangement.

45. *Beamed frontlet*. Antlered forehead.

46. *Adown*. An instance of a purely poetical word, not admissible in prose.

49. *Chase*. Here put for those engaged in the chase; as in 101 and 171, below. One of its regular meanings is the *object* of the chase, or the animal pursued.

53. *Uam-Var*. "Ua-Var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaigh-mor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Calander, in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighborhood" (Scott).

54. *Yelled*. Note the emphatic force of the inversion, as in 59 below. Cf. 38 above.

Opening. That is, barking on view or scent of the game; a hunting term. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. W.* iv. 2. 209: "If I bark out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again."

The description of the echo which follows is very spirited.

66. *Cairn*. Literally, a heap of stones; here put poetically for the rocky point which the falcon takes as a look-out.

69. *Hurricane*. A metaphor for the wild rush of the hunt.

71. *Linn*. A Celtic word = deep pool; often found in local names, as in *Bracklinn*, ii. 270 below.

73. *On the lone wood*. Note the musical variation in the measure here; the 1st, 3d, and 4th syllables being accented instead of the 2d and 4th. It is occasionally introduced into iambic metre with admirable effect. Cf. 85 and 97 below.

76. *The cavern*, etc. See on 53 above.

80. *Perforce*. A poetical word. See on 46 above.

84. *Shrewdly*. Severely, keenly; a sense now obsolete. *Shrewd* originally meant evil, mischievous. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 179, where it is said that those

"That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune."

In Chaucer (*Tale of Melibaus*) we find, "The prophete saith: Flee shrewdnesse, and do goodnesse" (referring to *Ps.* xxxiv. 14).

89. *Menteith*. The district in the southwestern part of Perthshire, watered by the Teith.

91. *Mountain and meadow*, etc. See on 35 above. *Moss* is used in



Stood on the steps of stone
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion :
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
' Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazoned shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold.'

160



KIRKWALL.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

10



As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

148. *That other*. Aphrodite (Venus) rising from the sea. Bayard Taylor calls the passage "an exquisite rapid picture of Aphrodite floating along the wave to her home at Paphos; but," he adds, "what must we think of the lover, who, in relating the supreme moment of his passion, could turn aside to interpolate it? Its very loveliness emphasizes his utter forgetfulness of the governing theme." It seems to us natural enough in the "relating," especially as it leads up to the impassioned

"nor end of mine,
Stateliest for thee!"—

which shows that he has dwelt upon the picture of the goddess because he half-identifies her with Ida.

165. *The milk-white peacock*. As Dawson notes, Darwin (*Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. i. p. 305) speaks of a white variety of peacock.

167. *All Danaë to the stars*. Open to their light falling upon her in a golden shower, like that in which Jupiter came down to visit Danaë.

177. *Come down, O maid*, etc. This "small sweet idyl," like the exquisite song, "Tears, idle tears," was perfect from the first, and has undergone no revision at the author's hands. "It transfers," says Symonds in his *Greek Poets*, "with perfect taste, the Greek Idyllic feeling to Swiss scenery; it is a fine instance of new wine being successfully poured into old bottles, for nothing could be fresher, and not even the *Thalysia* is sweeter."

189. *With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns*. In the early eds. we find *Silver Horns*, but all the more recent ones print "silver horns." The former is, of course, to be preferred, on account of the obvious reference to the Silberhorn, one of the peaks or spurs of the Jungfrau, and markedly the most silvery-white part of the summit, as seen from Interlachen and its vicinity.

Morning walks on the mountains here, as "o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill" in *Hamlet* (i. i. 167); and *Death* is her companion because life has no home on those "Alpine summits cold," or must face *Death* in attempting to scale them. Dawson thinks that the poet introduces *Death* into the picture because the mountains in the early light "have a chill ashen hue, as of deathly pallor;" but our explanation is simpler, and has been approved by the poet since our 1st ed. was published.

191. *Firths of ice*, etc. Bayard Taylor remarks that this would be "almost incomprehensible to one who has not looked with his own bodily eyes upon the Mer de Glace."

198. *Water-smoke*. Cf. *The Lotos-Eaters*, 8:

"And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause did seem."

199. *That like a broken purpose waste in air*. To illustrate the material by the immaterial is rare in figurative language. See our ed. of the *Lady of the Lake*, p. 214, note on 28.

201. *Azure pillars from the hearth*. That is, columns of smoke.

205. *Myriads of rivulets*, etc. See p. 144 above.



A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
 ‘ *The Legend of Good Women,*’ long ago
 Sung by the morning star of song, who made
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho’ my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars ;

that is to say, the poet places imaginatively before us a soul in the enjoyment of all delights, save spiritual and moral, realizes her experience step by step, and finds, in the concluding stage of that experience, the solution of which he is in quest. . . .

"The essence of the sin was not culture, but the selfishness and aristocraticism of cultured pride; not delight, whether of the senses or of the mind, but delight unshared by others; not abstention from the partisanship of creeds, but contemptuous isolation from those who accept them, and lack of sympathetic appreciation of the truth they contain. Such isolation, such pride, such culture, are indeed damnable."

6. *I chose*, etc. The early reading was "I chose, whose ranged ram parts;" and in the next line, "great broad" for *level*.

15. *While Saturn whirls*, etc. The shadow of the planet, projected on the ring, is a striking feature of the Saturnian system, as seen in the telescope.

30. *That lent broad verge*. That gave a broad horizon. For *verge* in this sense, cf. *Princess*, iv. 29: "That sinks with all we love below the verge;" *Id.* vii. 23: "the slope of sea from verge to shore;" and *The Gardener's Daughter*: "and May from verge to verge."

49. *Traced*. Ornamented with tracery; a rare use of the word.

61. *Arras*. Tapestry. The description of the designs which follows is the utmost perfection of word-painting. Each stanza is a finished picture.

80. *And hoary to the wind*. To appreciate this touch, one must have seen a grove of olive-trees when the peculiar whitish-gray underside of the leaves is turned up by the wind.

81. *And one a foreground*, etc. What an amount of detail in the four lines, which bring before the eye with almost the painter's power the triple wall of mountains rising from the volcanic plain in the foreground!

83. *The scornful crags*. The epithet is striking, and appropriate enough here; but the poet did well to suppress a similar use of it in *Ænone* —

"The golden-sandall'd morn
Rose-hued the scornful hills" —

as savoring too much of "modern subjectivity" in the description of nature.

96. *Babe in arm*. The reviewers of the volume of 1832 made merry over this phrase, comparing it with the "lance in rest" of the romances of chivalry; but the poet has not only retained it here but repeated it in the *Princess*, vi. 15:

"But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm."

105. *Uther's deeply wounded son*. That is, King Arthur. Cf. the *Morte d'Arthur*, 306 below.

In the original version this stanza reads thus:

"Or that deep-wounded child of Pendragon
Mid misty woods on sloping greens
Dozed in the valley of Avilion
Tended by crowned queens."

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CANTO THIRD.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now we part,
But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me, and on high
The winds lift up their voices : I depart,
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

which that vision had inspired him were written" (Moore). Having visited Delphi and Thebes, the travellers turned towards Athens, where they arrived on Christmas-day, 1809. After a ten weeks' stay in the ancient city, they left on the 5th of March, 1810, for Smyrna, where, on the 28th of the month, Byron finished the second canto of *Childe Harold*. The poem had been begun at Yanina, in Albania, on the 31st of October.

In April the poet and his friend went from Smyrna to the Troad, and thence to Constantinople. There they parted, Hobhouse going home to England, while Byron remained abroad a year longer, the greater part of which was spent in Athens. In July, 1811, he was once more in his native land, but it was not until the next February that the two cantos of *Childe Harold* were given to the world. The author had not intended to publish them; but, believing satire to be his *forte*, was going to bring out his *Hints from Horace* as "a good finish to the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." He submitted the *Hints* to his friend Dallas, who was grievously disappointed when he came to examine it, and expressed some surprise that his friend should have produced nothing else during his absence from England. "Upon this," to quote what Dallas himself says, "Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited. 'They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you, if you like.' So came I by *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn; that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service; but he was urgent that the *Hints from Horace* should be immediately put in train, which I promised to have done."

Dallas was quick to discern the merit of the "stanzas in Spenser's measure," and wrote to Byron that very evening as follows: "You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. . . . I have been so fascinated with *Childe Harold* that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and on its gaining you great honor and regard," etc.

It was some time, however, before Byron could make up his mind to allow the poem to be published, in place of the inferior satire he was so eager to put in print; and when at last he yielded to his friend's importunities, it was with no little anxiety as to the reception the *Childe* might meet with in the world.

The poem was first offered to Mr. Miller of Albemarle Street, who, being the publisher of Lord Elgin, declined it on account of the severity of its strictures upon that nobleman for carrying off the sculptures of the Parthenon. It was fortunate that Mr. Murray, to whom the poem was next offered, accepted it promptly; for, had there been any further difficulty in obtaining a publisher, Byron would probably have relapsed into his original intention of withholding it from the press.



That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never : no father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

780

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
' Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

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TESTIMONIALS.

From Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Rolfe's editorial labor in the restoration of the text of "The Lady of the Lake" has a worth far beyond his own edition, and must be recognized and utilized by future editors. The introduction and notes have all the merit that belongs to his editions of Shakespeare's Plays, and this in addition, — that he has, in his references to, and quotations from, other poets, often virtually indicated Scott's course of reading and sources of inspiration.

From HOMER B. SPRAGUE, Ph.D., President of Mills College, California.

It is, I believe, the best edition of "The Lady of the Lake" for school use.

From Mr. WILLIAM E. FOSTER, Librarian of Public Library, Providence, R.I.

The edition of "The Lady of the Lake" is admirable. We have it in our library; and those readers who have had it have almost uniformly asked whether Mr. Rolfe would not edit the rest of Scott's poems in the same way.

From the New England Journal of Education, Boston.

A pure text, with just the notes that are needed for intelligent comprehension and illustration.

From the Practical Teacher.

Mr. Rolfe is not only very high authority in such work, but his ability to prepare a book of the kind, adapted to the wants of schools, is perhaps above that of any other writer.

From the Indiana School Journal.

All teachers who believe that classic English should be studied, as classic Latin and classic Greek should be studied, will welcome this edition of "The Lady of the Lake." Those who have read Rolfe's notes on Shakespeare know how full and how helpful they are. It is just what is needed for home and school.

From the Iowa Normal Monthly.

Both letterpress and woodcuts show the exquisite execution of the University Press; so that boys and girls may have, in an inexpensive school edition, a "Lady of the Lake" as beautiful as any millionaire's, and far more correct. The book is a great prize for school libraries and supplementary reading.

From the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Though intended primarily for the use of schools, it is an admirable volume for the household.

From the Nation, New York.

Typographically, it is a very pretty volume; and Mr. Rolfe gives ample proof of the superiority of his text to the more or less corrupted ones which are reproduced without critical scrutiny. His notes, in which the various readings are preserved, have been prepared with excellent judgment to meet the requirements of students and teachers.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

These neat and handy volumes are attractive simply as books for the general reader; but the editing is of so thorough and scholarly a kind that they are incomparable for the teaching and study of English literature. The notes are a treasury of historical, philological, and critical information.

From the Philadelphia Sun.

Mr. Rolfe's notes are numerous, and they are helpful in throwing light on the text. For school purposes this volume is admirably adapted; and its size, suitable for the pocket, will commend it to many as a companion for the railroad or the steamboat. For summer reading we know of no more delightful book than "The Lady of the Lake," and it would be difficult to conceive of a form in which the poem could be more useful.

From the Chicago Standard.

Mr. Rolfe and his publishers have spared no pains to make this edition of the poem all any reader or student of it could desire. We say "student," because the very purpose of the notes, and of this edition of "The Lady of the Lake" itself, is to encourage, in the home and in the school, a study of it, with a view both to a better acquaintance with the laws and usages of poetical English, and also to the cultivation of a critical habit, in the best sense of that phrase.

From the Register, Salem, Mass.

Whoever has seen Mr. Rolfe's editions of Shakespeare, Gray, Goldsmith, etc., will appreciate the value of Sir Walter's famous poems with copious notes by one who has few equals and no superiors in that particular province of literary work, — his long and eminently successful career as a teacher having given him peculiar qualifications in this regard. Himself a careful reader, he has the faculty of imparting to others the power to make the most of the grand old poets. Students and general readers owe to Mr. Rolfe a debt of gratitude for his valuable assistance.

From the Boston Globe.

For school and household use, no better edited edition of the most polished of Sir Walter Scott's poems exists.

From the New York School Journal.

The editor is too well known as an eminent Shakespearian and literary critic to need any words of commendation by us. His qualifications for this work are superior to any other American author; and, in our opinion, he surpasses, in several important particulars, Richard Grant White. . . . This is a beautiful and, considering the paper and printing, a cheap edition of "Marmion." Teachers should not put a poor copy of a standard poem in the hands of students. There is a peculiar fitness in giving to a learner a book, the appearance of which comports somewhat with the words of the author. An ephemeral story may be poorly printed and bound, for it is not expected to be called for a second time; but the poems of Scott, Milton, and Longfellow should command the best paper, type, illustrations, and binding. In these particulars, as in all other respects, this volume merits the highest commendation.

From the Teacher, Philadelphia.

Of all the editions of the works of Sir Walter Scott not one has been perfect. . . . But some time ago Mr. Rolfe, who has a genius for editing, conceived the idea of placing before school children suitably annotated editions of such poems as would interest them, and give them a taste for reading. Two such poems have been edited,—“The Lady of the Lake” and “Marmion,”—and they are so perfect that we have searched in vain for even a broken type. Mr. Rolfe has served both literature and education at a stroke: he has freed from errors and placed before children, in beautifully illustrated and thoroughly annotated editions, two of the noblest romantic poems in the language.

From the Episcopal Register, Philadelphia.

One who wants to look at the “Woman Question” from a sane point of view ought to take this edition of “The Princess,” by the prince of editors, W. J. Rolfe. The notes are just the stepping-stones which an average reader wants.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Courier.

Mr. Rolfe has done for Tennyson’s “Princess,” in this accurately-printed and well-illustrated volume, what he did for Shakespeare. A new appreciation of Tennyson’s fine work will come with a careful reading of Mr. Rolfe’s notes and criticisms.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

This edition of “The Princess” is intended specially for students; and Mr. Rolfe, in carrying out this intention, shows his practical knowledge of what a genuine school-book should be. He supplies notes where they are wanted; he explains verbal and expressional difficulties, elucidates archaisms and obscurities, holds up the thread in the connection of the line of thought, and furnishes generally such material as an editor who understands teaching should furnish. To his great credit be it added that he does not oppress the youthful reader with a parade of his own scholarship and acquirements,—a fault so common with editors of school-books.

From the New Jerusalem Messenger, New York.

Mr. Rolfe is well known as the editor of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Gray, and Scott, and anything he has to tell us about the best readings and finer meanings of any of the English classics will be welcomed by many besides the teachers and students of literature, for whom his volumes are primarily designed. The excellent print, frequent illustrations, and useful size, as well as the copious notes, render this a pleasant volume to read and re-read, as “The Princess” deserves to be read.

From the Churchman, New York.

This edition of “The Princess” is as nearly perfect as it can be made. Mr. Rolfe’s notes are admirable, complete, and concise at once. They make the book just what it needs to be for young people, not to say for older readers.

From the Philadelphia Keystone.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Rolfe’s unequalled edition of Shakespeare’s Plays will know what to expect in this volume. It has all of the charms, and more, of that praiseworthy series of books. Tennyson’s “Princess,” in this edition, merits a place on every book table.

From the New Haven (Conn.) Palladium.

This is the first *variorum* edition of "The Princess" that has appeared, and it is hard to conceive of the possibility of a better.

From the Boston Beacon.

No student of Tennyson could afford to be without this book, were it to cost ten times its moderate price, because of the light it throws on the workings of the author's mind, as shown in the changes which he has deliberately made on almost every reprinting of the poem.

From the Quebec Chronicle.

The text of this edition of "The Princess" is faultless and pure, and the notes and references simply exhaust the subject.

From the New York Mail.

In the "Select Poems from Tennyson," Mr. W. J. Rolfe has added another charming contribution to the literature of American critical scholarship. . . . His notes are models of what notes should be, — full, if not exhaustive, showing a wide range of reading about his author and in his author's commentators; diligence in the examination of the different editions of his works, and the variations of their text; and an uncommon degree of skill in handling bibliographical materials which in other hands than his would be dreary reading.

From the New York Independent.

The notes [of the "Select Poems"] show that happy combination of the teacher, the scholar, and the critic, which is so conspicuous a feature of his previous manuals.

From the Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Mr. Rolfe's accomplishments as a critic and annotator are too well known to need commendation. His fastidious and cultured taste are shown in the seventeen selections from Tennyson's poems that are included in this little volume. . . . It will be an admirable text-book for the use of the higher schools.

From the Critic, New York.

Mr. Rolfe is rendering a real service to the youth of America in furnishing such excellent editions of the English classics as the Shakespeare published by the Harpers, and "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Princess," which Ticknor & Co. are issuing. To the latter series he has just added "Selections from Tennyson." . . . The forty pages of notes make it a work of lasting usefulness.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Mr. W. J. Rolfe's scholarly edition of "The Princess" is now followed by a volume of Tennyson's "Select Poems." . . . It is almost superfluous to recall the fine and scholarly work which Mr. Rolfe is doing in the field of English literature. His notes cover a wide range, from the mere explanation of the text to the broadest and most sympathetic æsthetic criticism. He lays under contribution the whole field of critical scholarship, and combines the labors of others with his own in a particularly judicious way.

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